The Outlook

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THE STORY OF THE WAR

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THE OUTLOOK'S WAR CORRESPONDENT AT HOME

DURING the eighth week of the war—September 23 to 30—less news came over the wires from Europe than in any preceding week. This undoubtedly means that the fighting has been more than usually severe.

The situation along the Aisne has remained—according to the official announcement of the French War Office on the evening of the 29th—unchanged. But persistent rumors of the last few days, from many widely separated sources, indicate that the situation of the German right under General von Kluck is once more very serious. One report is that he has offered to surrender, another that he is in full retreat. But as we go to press there is no official news beyond the statement from both Paris and Berlin that the fighting in this section of the field is desperate.

Elsewhere in France the Allies are reported to have held their positions in the face of endless assaults. Another week has passed and the Germans have not gained the brilliant victory they need.

THE CAMPAIGN IN THE EAST

Neither the Russians nor the Germans have claimed any great victory in East Prussia this week.

Some rumors have come of the operations in Poland. But the long-heralded advance of the Russian Army of the Center across the border towards Cracow and Breslau has not yet materialized.

In Galicia the Russian advance is unchecked, and apparently there is nothing left to check it. Some of their troops—probably small Cossack forces—are reported to have crossed the Carpathian Range into Hungary, and the advance guards of their main army have reached a point between fifty and sixty miles from Cracow. In the week they have advanced half the distance from the river San to this city. Within a week or ten days more Cracow ought to be invested.

THE TEST OF ENDURANCE

Those prophets who said that a modern war between the Great Powers could not last two months have already been proved wrong. No matter who wins this Battle of the Aisne or who wins the next battle on the Russian frontier, the war will have only begun.

A military writer in The Outlook some weeks ago said that this war, like our Civil War, would probably be fought out till one side was exhausted. That is certainly one of the possibilities. But very few people agree on what "exhaustion" means in this highly intricate modern life of ours. In the Civil War after four years of fighting the Confederate States were exhausted from almost every point of view. Financially their paper currency had lost its value, they had run out of men, they were short of rifles, of ammunition. The blockade by the Federal navy was effective, and none of their European friends could help them. Even their food supply was on the point of exhaustion.

But when you ask how soon, under similar circumstances of isolation, any European state will be exhausted, the doctors of economics and finance disagree.

First of all, take finance. A great deal has been written about the effect of this war on the money of Europe. Although a serious effort to understand our recent currency legislation was something of a preparatory course for the problems of this crisis, I have not found any discussion of this subject which was clear enough to carry conviction.

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A dozen eminent English specialists in finance who had demonstrated not long ago that a European war was impossible are now arguing that within a few months Germany will be quite bankrupt. German financial writers have for years pointed out that the wealth of England and France is very largely based on credit, and that credit functions only in times of peace. Once war breaks out, they said, the whole financial structure of France and England will collapse. A very large part of French wealth, for instance, is invested in Russian bonds. Russia has always had trouble in paying interest on her vast debts. She has generally had to borrow money to do it. With the immense added strain of this war, she certainly will not be able to pay anything. And then all this French "wealth" will disappear in thin air—so say the German writers. And if their argument is true of France, it is more true of England.

But I do not believe either side will have to throw up the sponge because of lack of change. A French banker in 1910 told me that there was no chance of the little Christian nations in the Balkans going to war against Turkey. "They haven't enough money," he said. They not only fought the war against Turkey, but as soon as that was finished they started a new war among themselves. Our forebears fought with stone hatchets before money was invented. Lack of money would influence the way a people fought and the weapons they would use, but it would hardly compel peace.

The question of food supply is equally uncertain. Of course as long as the Allies keep the command of the sea there is no danger of their starving. But is there any chance of their bringing Germany to her knees with hunger? If Holland and Italy maintain their neutrality, which means freedom to trade with both belligerents, it will be very hard to blockade Germany effectively. But even if Germany and Austria are absolutely sealed up, it seems to me that the length of time they can feed themselves depends most of all on how well the national commissary is organized. In every community an immense amount of nourishment is normally wasted. There are a great many unemployed now in Germany who might be put to work making hothouses to grow vegetables through the winter. Sugar beets could be eaten instead of crystallized. There are no end of expedients by which the food supply could be conserved and increased.

On the other hand, if people with ready money are allowed to buy up and hoard all the edibles in sight, large classes of the community may be dangerously hungry before the new month is out.

But it seems to me that exhaustion is more likely to come first in other things than money or food.

Large as the German and French armies are—in the neighborhood of four million each—there is a limit to their supply of men. If they use up these eight million men now, there are no more in sight for years to come, till the boys grow up. At the end of our Civil War the North had more men in the field than at any time before, and had not begun to run short of men. But the theory of modern war is to put every available man in the field within the first month. The English—and the Russians, if they can find the equipment—can increase their armies. France and Germany and Austria cannot. It was estimated by one of our army men that in the first five weeks of this war the number of killed and wounded was greater than that of either army in the four years of our Civil War. The rate of loss has not been less in this Battle of the Aisne. Neither France nor Germany can keep this up indefinitely.

Another consideration is that the supply of arms and ammunition, while great, is limited, and cannot be quickly replaced. Take, for example, such very necessary equipment as field artillery. A modern cannon with its recoil absorber is an intricate mechanism. The life of each gun is known, just as actuaries figure out the average life of men. Some of the great guns are said to be dangerous after fifty shots; other lighter guns are good for five hundred or a thousand. Besides this normal wear and tear, a certain number of guns are captured; more are smashed by the enemy's shells. In such campaigning as that in France the artillery strength is probably falling in a noticeable degree. New guns from the reserve depots of course are being brought up to replace the worn and broken ones. But there is an end to the supply.

In the siege of Paris in 1870, when the defenders needed a new cannon they melted down the statue of a king and cast a cannon in some vacant lot. To-day it takes a great factory and more than a year to turn out a field gun. The rate of destruction is faster than the possibility of manufacture. The

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time is past when you can make gunpowder in an afternoon and turn lead pipe into bullets. This war will be fought out very largely with the stock of artillery and ammunition and automobile trucks the combatants had on hand when hostilities broke out. And which side has the greater supply nobody knows, but in this the Germans probably have the advantage.

Once more, the command of the ocean is a great asset to the Allies. There are many oversea armament factories from which they can draw.

But to-day war is so technical and complicated a matter that a nation might have to sue for peace because it had exhausted its supply of something that Napoleon never heard of. Gas for dirigible balloons, for instance, was a thing about which he never worried. A modern army might be entirely disorganized by the failure of its supply of insulated copper wire for field telephones. Fuel for transportation purposes is an even more important item. In our Civil War if the locomotive of a troop train ran out of coal the soldiers got out and chopped up enough fence rails to keep the boiler hot till the next coal station was reached. Those days of makeshift substitutes are gone.

The despatches tell us that the Russian victories in Galicia have closed to Germany one of her chief sources for gasoline. Her air-ships and aeroplanes, her submarines, her commissary wagons, her traction motors for moving heavy artillery, are all propelled by gas engines—something which Grant and Lee and von Moltke died too soon to understand. The failure of her petroleum supply would cripple Germany seriously. Even if her scientists discovered a substitute for gasoline in the crisis, there would certainly have to be new engines built to use it.

Some such shortage might determine the outcome of the war long before any of the nations involved had exhausted their money or food.

AMERICAN OPINION AND THE WAR

If the outcome of this war could be decided here in America, the vote would go against the Germans—at least so I gather from the newspapers, from discussions in the clubs, from street-corner debates and talk overheard in the subway. It is not because the molders of public opinion have been bribed. It is not because the tide of battle seems to be going against the Germans. It is not because of "White Papers." It goes far back of the time when the Austrian Prince was shot in the unpronounceable capital of Bosnia. We do not want to see the world Germanized. The governmental forms, the political life, of Germany are so opposed to what we are used to and to the better things we dream of that we find it hard to understand how Germans can be "loyal."

And what might be called the official German doctrine—the ideas not only of the Government and the army, but also of the universities and of many writers and speakers—is definitely distasteful to us. Even at the risk of being ourselves called hypocrites, we assert our dislike for the theory that might makes right. Perhaps some of our "rights" have no better foundation, but, if so, we are sorry for it. We know that there are many things which we are strong enough to take, some of which we want, which we leave alone because they are not ours. It is one of the aspirations of our struggling democracy to eliminate those who make might their only boast. We are fighting such ruthless people in our internal politics; we like them no better abroad.

If this war should chance to result in a new Bonaparte in France, we will hope for his defeat. If it helps the brutally domineering type of Russians into the European saddle, we will be against them. And in so far as the British Empire uses its immense power for oppression, we are against it. But it looks to most of us to-day as if this glorification of force, this deification of hitting power, is most exuberant in Germany. If the Herr Dokter Eucken is right in saying that this is the ethical conception back of "German culture"—and, as that is his specialty, he ought to know—why, Germany needs a licking. Whether it is for her own good or not, it certainly will be good for the peace of mind of the world.

We are neutrals in this war. We are glad we can be, for we do not like to fight and we intend to do our utmost to preserve our neutrality. But if we had to fight, we would choose for an enemy the partisans of this theory that might makes right.

This—as near as I can gather—is the way Americans look on this war.

A change in the attitude of the public towards Germany and the Germans is noticeable in the last couple of weeks. It is so distinct and sudden as to have an almost "news" value.

The speed with which Germany cranked up

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her military machine was slow indeed compared to the sprightliness with which Great Britain mobilized her poets. At first, knowing that almost all the news available came from one side, the average intelligent American was somewhat wary—ready to administer the proverbial grain of salt to the despatches coming via London. The thing which as much as anything else influenced the American mind in favor of the Allies was the misguided noise made by some of the so-called German-Americans.

I think my own case was fairly typical. I could not recall any historical precedent for a war in which one side was all right and the other all wrong. I remembered very clearly that most of the Southerners I had known in my boyhood had quite sincerely believed that there was no virtue, political or personal, which the Confederacy lacked, and no civic vice with which the North was not corrupt. But my father was a Northerner—only one of a number whom I knew to be very decent sort of people. So, I said to myself, there must be two sides to this European conflict. With real eagerness I bought the first copy I chanced to see of a weekly called "The Fatherland." It had a sub-title about fair play for Germany and Austria. A careful reading disclosed very little but bombast and ill temper—rather pathetic but very silly ill temper. Is that the best that Germany can say for herself? I asked. Mr. Ridder's "Staats Zeitung" had even less to say in behalf of Germany and even more of petty spite. I began to wonder if it were possible that such a marvel had come to men as a war in which unqualified right was opposed to unmitigated wrong.

Disgust at this attempt to bulldoze and threaten us into a pro-German attitude was very general. It reached a climax when some of these vehemently German-American citizens wrote an open letter to the Governor of California on the Japanese situation which could have had no purpose whatever unless it was hoped to stir up internal strife or to involve us in this war.

But things have changed. Americans of German birth, who seem to be intelligent gentlemen, have begun to realize the harm which has been done to the cause of their fathers' land by the vituperation indulged in by the my-country-right-or-wrong kind of patriots, and have commenced writing to the papers sane and temperate letters in which they denounce those who "carry their swords in their mouths." It is a German, I am glad to say, who has most scathingly rebuked the blatant commercialism of some of these penny-an-extra patriots. To-day you can hardly pick up a paper or magazine without finding a sober statement by some one of German birth who thinks that his country is justified in this war and who, from the tone of his letter—whether you agree with his argument or not—seems the kind of a person you would like to know and invite home to dinner.

Also we are beginning to hear from Germany's embattled philosophers and theologians. Their output is at least as logical and lucid as the English war poetry is metrical, which is saying very little, for—with the exception of John Masefield's "August, 1914"—I have seen very few English battle hymns which would not be laughed at in time of peace. But it has become evident that many of the most highly educated and intelligent Germans believe that their country is in the right. It is not so much that what they say is convincing, as that the standing of the people who say it is impressive. French and English savants are calling the Germans "Huns" and "thugs," and German savants are calling the English "hypocrites" and the French "degenerates." The eminent French philosopher Henri Bergson says on behalf of the French "Immortals:" "All the world knows that the struggle against Germany is civilization against barbarism. . . . Our Academy has a special right to say so. Devoted mainly to the study of psychologic, moral, and social questions, the Academy is simply doing its scientific duty in recognizing German brutality and cynicism as a retrogression to a savage state." The mild-mannered Professor Eucken, writing to his former students in America, says: "In defending our homes and hearths we are fighting . . . on the side of culture against barbarism, of moral order and right against savage lust for conquest." The motives which have led England into this war are, he says, "self-seeking, envy, calculation," and, he adds, the Germans are strong in "the conviction that we are fighting for the holiest possessions of our people, for right and justice." The English, he says, are "a nation of shopkeepers."

It is hard to judge between Professor Bergson and Professor Eucken on the basis of scholarly attainment—harder still to decide which uses the more elegant language. Both

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are evidently too angry to be temperate. But before the war both these gentlemen had won the respect of Americans. That men like Professor Eucken defend Germany is a much more impressive thing than the shrieks of the "Staats Zeitung," which was manifestly no better informed than other people.

Also correspondence is beginning to arrive from American journalists in the German camp. And naturally we consider our own men less likely to be biased. One of the first articles of this kind was published in The Outlook last week, written by one of its editors, who chanced to be marooned in Munich. Very many others have been published since. They throw a flood of new light on the subject.

Last week there were many Americans who believed that the German soldiers were being driven; practically scourged, into assaults for which they had no stomach. They pictured a vast army of sullen men, poorly fed and grumbling about it, dominated by officers they feared and hated. There were endless stories current about the demoralization at home. On at least a dozen different days there was "news" of riots in Berlin.

But by now practically everybody in America has talked with some friend just returned from Germany, or has read some reliable report of how the Germans have risen almost as one man in the face of the encircling danger, and of how even those who are not conscripts volunteer in vast numbers, doing it without any "hoorah-boys" excitement, rather seriously withal, as they know the odds against them, and how as they march away they sing Luther's old battle hymn—"Ein feste Burg ist unser Gott." And how there have not been any riots in Berlin, and how when some things get too expensive to eat they eat something cheaper. And how the women stand in front of the bulletin boards dry-eyed and watch for the list of dead and wounded.

It is a remarkable change in public opinion—not so much in regard to who we hope will win as in our attitude towards the combatants. When we heard that war was declared, we all quite instinctively knew who we wanted to win. That was a question which was automatically decided for us by all sorts of old associations and prejudices. The majority of Americans side with the Allies, but some just as instinctively want the Germans to be victorious. There is little likelihood that many will change on this point, on this personal preference. But there is no doubt that many of us have changed our attitude toward the Germans.

I met a cartoonist the other day who had drawn some very biting caricatures of the German army. He showed me a letter from his sister, who was studying in Dresden. Three of the boarding-house keeper's sons had gone to the front. Fine, upstanding men, she wrote. One had two babies, another just married, and the third still in the university. "Such decent chaps!" And there were a few lines about how the widowed mother sat of an evening knitting and waited. "I'm sorry," my friend said, "about some of those cartoons I drew." There have been some in our papers of which we all should be ashamed.

Ten days ago the word "German" called to many minds a mighty insolence; Hohenzollerns and General Staffs; a nation of dumb, driven cattle; the mailed fist of the Kaiser; a whirlwind of cynical brutality. Now, more and more, every day we are coming to realize that the word "German" also means a wonderfully united people—noble and peasant, professors and factory workers; and, above all, the women—offering their sons for the Fatherland; simple, hard-working, God-fearing folk who did not want the war, but now that it is here are prepared to see it through with just as much devotion and self-abnegation as any people in history have ever shown.

We realize now that the Allies will have to overthrow more than the Kaiser or the German militarism before they can hope to enter Berlin. In the way stands the German people.

There is no disputing that most Americans think Germany is horribly wrong, that somehow or other these people were miserably tricked into it; but American respect for Germany and the Germans has gone up surprisingly these last few days. However much we may in our heads disagree with them, we hope in our hearts that, if we are ever faced by an equally serious crisis, we may meet it with the same stoical, matter-of-fact heroism.

New York, September 30, 1914.

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THE WEEK

WARNING!

The public is cautioned against paying money for subscriptions to The Outlook to unknown persons representing themselves to be authorized by the publishers to solicit and accept subscriptions, as we employ no agents in our circulation work.

It has come to our knowledge that one or more persons have been fraudulently soliciting subscriptions throughout the Middle West, particularly in the States of Ohio, Indiana, and Illinois. Physicians in these localities have been specially approached with an offer of a free copy of some valuable medical book with a year's subscription to The Outlook, and it is evident from complaints received by us that a considerable number of doctors have thus been victimized.

All orders for subscriptions should be sent direct to this office or through some reliable subscription agency, whose representatives should always present proper credentials.

PRIMARY ELECTIONS

The recent primaries in Illinois, Indiana, and New York have given further justification for the editorial position assumed by The Outlook after the November election of 1912. "The Democratic victory," The Outlook then stated, "has strengthened the power of Murphy in New York State, of Sullivan in Illinois, of Taggart in Indiana." The Outlook took this position even though it realized that the election of Woodrow Wilson meant the elevation of an idealist and a believer in genuine popular rule to the Presidential chair. "Governor Wilson's battle with a boss in New Jersey," The Outlook concluded, "gives the people a right to expect that he will carry his battle with the bosses in the National Government as far as it can be carried without threatening his party with disruption." This expectation has likewise, in a measure, been fulfilled. President Wilson lent more than his moral support to the fusion ticket in New York City which resulted in the triumphant election of Mayor Mitchel and his associates. In the recent primaries in New York State it was understood that the Administration hoped for the nominations of Franklin D. Roosevelt and John A. Hennessy as candidates for Senator and Governor on the Democratic ticket.

Despite this support and sympathy given by President Wilson to the progressive element in his own party, Mr. Murphy still remains the dominant factor in the New York State Democracy.

Mr. Sullivan, in Illinois, has had the temerity to come out into the open as a candidate for the United States Senate, and in Indiana the Democratic machine has successfully placed its candidates in the field.

The same conditions which have endured in the Democratic party through victory have clung to the Republican party in defeat. In New York State Mr. Whitman, with the backing of William Barnes, has secured the Republican nomination for Governor. Illinois Republicans find themselves with the alternative of supporting Mr. Lawrence Y. Sherman for Senator or going outside their party lines. Nor is their position much more agreeable in Indiana.

Of New Jersey, President Wilson's State, it can be recorded with pleasure that the President's supporters, representing the progressive wing of the Democratic party, have proved by the primaries that they are in control.

Further good news comes from Washington in the announcement that the National Popular Government League will oppose the election of both Sullivan and Penrose. Senator Owen, of Oklahoma, a Democrat, President of the League, and Senator Moses E. Clapp, a Republican and Vice-President of the League, are back of this most excellent "bipartisan conspiracy." Senator Norris, of Nebraska, has introduced into the Senate a resolution to investigate the Sullivan and Penrose primary campaign expenditures.

In Pennsylvania the progressive wing of the Democrats has won sufficient control of the State organization to place in nomination an anti-boss candidate for the Governorship, with the result that, in order to strengthen the struggle against boss rule, the Progressives have supported the Democratic nominee, Mr. McCormick. The situation of the Republicans in Pennsylvania, on the other hand, is such since the renomination of Senator Penrose to succeed himself that even so stanch a Republican paper as the New York "Tribune"—which has now (despite an earlier opposition) agreed to support the Barnes candidate in New York State, with what may be defined as reluctant hope—has

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appealed to all Pennsylvania Republicans who value their party name to give their active support to the Progressive nominee, Mr. Gifford Pinchot.

A building cannot destroy its own foundations. It may criticise their artistic merit; it may point out slight errors in construction; but as long as it remains in its allotted place it must depend upon these foundations to maintain its existence.

To quote again from The Outlook editorial of November 16, 1912: "The people by their vote have said either that they do not seriously object to boss rule . . . or that they choose to postpone that issue till they have tried the Democratic method of dealing with the tariff and the trusts." With the opportunity of electing such men as Davenport in New York, McCormick and Pinchot in Pennsylvania, Robins in Illinois, and Beveridge in Indiana, will the boss issue be brought to the front or will the voters again decide to "lay it upon the table"?

THE QUESTION IN TURKEY

The American Government has protested to Turkey against the abrogation of the international agreements restricting the sovereignty of the Porte, and has thus, without mentioning the other Christian Powers, made common cause with them.

In The Outlook of September 23 we said that Austria and Germany as well as other Christian Powers had protested against Turkey's action. This was so reported at the time, though it has since been denied. We do not know whether the original report or the denial is accurate. We advise our readers not to take too seriously the rumor which comes by the way of Rome that Turkey intends to close the American schools and colleges within her borders. We think this report highly improbable. Nevertheless it raises the question, What should America do if Turkey takes such action?

We could hardly insist at the mouth of the cannon that Turkey should allow us to carry on Christian schools on Mohammedan territory if the Mohammedan authorities protested. It is doubtful whether we would have any right in international law to do so. It is clear that we should not commend Christianity to the Mohammedan Government or to the Mohammedan people by such action, and we should probably do much more to endanger than to protect the lives of American citizens who have been engaged in educational work in Turkey.

The Outlook therefore repeats its suggestion made in its issue of September 23 that our Administration send over a special commission to co-operate with the American Minister in Constantinople in opening negotiations with the Turkish Government for the purpose of securing, on some basis which would be consistent with the self-respect of Turkey, the continuance of the American schools, the protection of the lives and property of the American citizens, and religious liberty for the American teachers and their wards.

THE BRYAN TREATIES

Twenty-six nations have now signed the peace agreements with the United States which are popularly known as the Bryan Treaties. They consist of four articles, and are both brief and simple. They provide that whenever disputes between the contracting parties arise which cannot be settled by diplomacy they shall be referred for investigation and report to a permanent international commission, and no hostilities shall be begun before the report of this commission is submitted. This commission is to consist of five members: one chosen from each country by the government thereof, one by each government from some third country, the fifth by common agreement between the two governments.

This international commission is to be appointed at once, within six months after the exchange of the ratification of this treaty. When any dispute cannot be adjusted by diplomatic methods, it shall be at once referred to this commission, who must complete their report within one year after the date on which it shall declare its investigation to have begun. The treaty is to continue in force for a period of five years, and thereafter until one year after one of the contracting parties has given notice to the other of an intention to terminate it.

The Outlook heartily commends the desire to substitute arbitration for war as a means of settling international difficulties, and it recognizes the value of the idea embodied in this treaty—that a year's delay and an impartial investigation during that year would do much to prevent the outbreak of a war. The spirit, purpose, and good intentions of this treaty are apparent, but the objection to it seems to The Outlook conclusive. That

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objection is that conditions may easily arise in which the parties to this treaty would refuse to observe its provisions and would be almost compelled thus to refuse.

Germany has aroused against her the indignation of the civilized world by her disregard of her treaty guaranteeing the neutrality of Belgium, after her Chancellor's characterization of it as a scrap of paper and his cynical frankness in telling the Reichstag that in violating that treaty Germany was doing an injustice to Belgium which she would endeavor to repair when the war was over. America ought to take warning from this incident. Our Senate ought to sign no treaty of peace unless, after careful overlooking, Senators can satisfy themselves that no contingencies would arise which would lead America to violate the treaty thus signed. It has been said that if the European Powers had signed these treaties a year ago there would have been no European war. But consider. Suppose Germany, regarding the treaty as a scrap of paper, as she regarded her treaty guaranteeing the neutrality of Belgium, had invaded Belgium; would England wait for a year, by which time Belgium would be overrun and vanquished by German troops and probably annexed, and the irreparable wrong would be done? Or suppose that in this war Germany should capture Jamaica and proceed to fortify it and make it a naval base; would America wait for a year while that process of fortification went on and interpose no serious opposition to this military encroachment upon her waters, violating the Monroe Doctrine and impairing the Panama Canal? Unless America would do so, these treaties ought not to be signed. A treaty is, or ought to be, something more than an expression of good intentions. The word of a nation should be at least as sacred as the note of a bank president; and, as the president ought not to sign the note unless he has every reason to believe that he will be able to pay it, so the Nation ought not to sign the treaty unless it has every confidence that it will be able to fulfill all the obligations which that treaty entails.

A POSSIBILITY OF PEACE IN MEXICO

The open break between Villa and Carranza, reported last week in The Outlook, has led to a clearer statement than we had before of Villa's demands and intentions. It seems at least probable that a war between the forces of Carranza and Villa would be likely to result in the ultimate victory of Villa, whose military triumphs in the recent contest between the Federals and the Constitutionalists were the chief cause of the success of the Constitutionalists. For this reason the opinion seems to be prevalent among observers of the Mexican situation that Carranza may accept Villa's proposals, and that a new war may be averted. If Villa is correctly reported, he has asserted—and not for the first time—that he has no desire whatever to be President of Mexico.

One interview, for instance, last week represented him as saying:

> I have repeatedly said that I did not wish to be President, that I did not consider that I was adequately fitted for the position. Carranza knows that I have said this and that I have no intention of trying to become President. He is certainly incapable of filling the high office. The difference between Carranza and myself is that I can appreciate my shortcomings, and he seems not to appreciate his. If Carranza resigns, we will all unite to restore peace in Mexico. If he does not resign, my campaign will go forward as fast as I can carry it.

What Villa seems most insistent upon is that no military commander shall be put in office as Provisional President. He offers to pledge himself not to be a candidate if Carranza will do the same. He suggests the name of Fernando Calderon for this office. Carranza's reply is that he will resign his office of First Chief only to the military leaders when they meet in assembly at the capital.

The choice of the Provisional President, and consequently the arrangements for a national election of a permanent President and of delegates to Congress, must, in the present situation, rest with the military leaders. Villa refused to attend the convention of military leaders which had been called to meet in Mexico City on October 1 by Carranza; he is too old a fox thus to put himself in the hands of a man whom he regards as hostile to him, and he also asserts that in summoning delegates Carranza had, as far as possible, ignored Villa's friends, and that the convention would be practically packed. The friends of Villa believe that he is honest in claiming to stand for the rights of the common man and in demanding a civil government which should at once introduce reforms in the interests of the peons and should restrain the rapacity and tyranny of the large landowners and grantees of concessions. On the other hand, Villa's enemies point to his early career of brigand-

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age; to acts of violence, like the killing of Benton, which have never been atoned for; to the fact that the notorious freebooter, Zapata, has announced his allegiance to Villa; and to the additional fact that many of Huerta's supporters are now supporting Villa as against Carranza.

Meanwhile no further steps have been taken for the evacuation of Vera Cruz by the forces of the United States.

THE RELIEF OF SUFFERING IN FRANCE

We have reported in these columns the organization of several great agencies for distributing relief to the physical sufferers of the European war on the Continent of Europe, namely, the American Red Cross, the Belgian Relief Fund, the Swiss Relief Fund, the French Benevolent Society, and the German Relief Fund. We have just received a modest circular which gives the details of an organization, the "Secours National," which has been formed in France "to help the women and children of the entire country who have been left destitute by the departure to the war, and in many cases by the death, of their men, and also to help the Belgian refugees, of whom some ten thousand have fled to France bereft of everything." The following committee of well-known American men and women has been created in this country to collect funds for the "Secours National," to be forwarded to France:

Mrs. Frederick H. Allen	Mrs. Harry P. Whitney
Mrs. Robert Bacon	Mr. Charles B. Alexander
Mrs. W. Bayard Cutting	Mr. Frederick H. Allen
Mrs. F. Gray Griswold	Mr. Charles Dana Gibson
Mrs. J. F. D. Lanier	Mr. Eliot Gregory
Mrs. Walter Maynard	Mr. McDougall Hawkes
Mrs. Ogden Mills	Mr. Frederick A. Juilliard
Mrs. Francis K. Pendleton	Hon. Geo. B. McClellan
Mrs. Nathaniel Thayer	General Horace Porter
Mrs. Whitney Warren	Mr. T. Tileston Wells
Mr. Lloyd Warren	

We repeat what we have previously said, that those who wish to give without distinction of race or military sympathies will naturally send to the American Red Cross; those who believe that the Belgians, in a very special sense, are entitled to the sympathies of the civilized world will send to the Belgian Relief Fund; those who feel the special claims of neutral Switzerland will send to the Swiss Relief Fund; those who have German affiliations or relationships will send to the German Relief Fund; those who believe that France in the great struggle now going on between democracy and militarism is displaying a remarkable spirit of courage and a calm and dogged patience and persistence will certainly wish to send something either to the French Benevolent Society, which we mentioned last week, or to the French Committee. One of the hopeful things about the European war is that the world is finding out that gayety of spirit, love of beauty, and social good manners are not at all inconsistent with a genuine love of political liberty, a sincere belief in international agreements, and a virile courage and efficiency in backing up that belief. Contributions for the French Committee may be sent to Mrs. Whitney Warren, 16 East Forty-seventh Street, New York City.

THE EXULTATION OF WAR

Silhouetted against the horrors of the European conflagration come stories of simple devotion, of gallant faith, of single-hearted consecration, that are living testimony to the enduring worth of our civilization even in its darkest hour. Even by ardent partisans, the resistless belief of each of the peoples at war that theirs is the right, and that they are giving of their treasure and their lives to further the cause of civilization, cannot be denied.

The story comes to us from a friend who overheard the protests of a patriotic Frenchman traveling from Paris to the coast, who left his railway compartment in indignation because he declined to be present at the telling of the stories of German atrocities. The faith of this Frenchman in the chivalry of a worthy foe would have been strengthened, we are sure, had he seen the following open letter, published in the "Berliner Tageblatt" of August 21. It was written by Herman Bahr, who is known to Americans as the author of "The Concert," a play presented with great success in this country several years ago, to Hugo von Hofmannsthal, another Austrian poet and dramatist, author of "Elektra," "Der Tor und der Tod," and "Der Rosenkavalier." Bahr, at the time of writing, was still in Bayreuth. Hofmannsthal, an officer in the Austrian reserve, is evidently at the front in Galicia:

> I know only that you are in arms, dear Hugo, but where, no one seems to be able to tell me. So I will write you through the newspaper. Perhaps the good winds will blow it to your camp-fire and bring my greeting to you.
>
> It occurs to me that you and I were never

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closer to one another than when you were doing your year with the dragoons. Do you remember? You had a way of calling for me evenings, and we went out together; and I remember what a curious sensation it used to be to climb ever higher and higher in our talk, losing our way on the topmost heights; and then to have my eyes, returning, fall on your uniform. Somehow the uniform did not go with the very un-uniform thoughts. In October that will be twenty years back! . . . But who would dare to say that these twenty years were good for us? How pallid they have suddenly grown in this sacred hour! It was a period of separation, of dispersion, of isolation; each walked apart, each stood by himself, and for himself alone; we grew chill. Now we have been blown together again, all stand together for all; now we are warm. Every German, at home or at the front, wears the uniform now. That is the prodigious happiness of this moment. May God preserve it!

And now of a sudden everything is gone that drove us into byways. Now once more we are all together on the great German highway. It is the old road that the "Nibelungenlied" went, and *Minnesang* and *Meistersang*, our mysticism and our German baroque, Klopstock and Herder, Goethe and Schiller, Kant and Fichte, Bach, Beethoven, and Wagner. We went astray on many a byway into tangled places. But Fate, enormous Fate, has brought us back to the right road. And now we will endeavor to make ourselves worthy.

God speed, dear lieutenant. I know you are happy. You feel the joy of being in the struggle. There is no greater joy. And we will remember that now, for all time, the important thing is, to be in the struggle. And we will take care that henceforth there shall always be a struggle in which a man can take part. . . . And such a destiny the great God has ordained for our poor generation.

With the spirit that prompted this letter none will quarrel. The immolation of self in the supreme sacrifice is the highest tribute that can be paid to idealism. In view of such devotion, it is hard to pass judgment upon a failure to see a broken link in the national chain that leads from the "Nibelungenlied" through Goethe to Bernhardi!

A LOVER OF THE PEOPLE

At a time when there is widespread questioning, if not suspicion, of the intentions of the Czar and the Russian bureaucrats in case Germany and Austria are crushed in the European war, it is well to remember that Russia has produced some of the noblest and most unselfish spirits of modern times; that such Russians as Leo Tolstoy, Catherine Breshkovsky, Nicholas Tchaikowsky, and Peter Kropotkin represent a vast body of Russians who love human liberty and human progress as devotedly as any of the American patriots of 1776. To this list of names should now be added another not so familiar to American readers—the name of Felix Volkhovsky. For that reason we are glad to print here the following fine tribute from George Kennan, who knew him intimately in the prisons of Siberia:

Editors of The Outlook:

Felix Volkhovsky, one of the oldest revolutionists as well as one of the bravest spirits of Russia, died on August 2, in London, where he had lived most of the time since his adventurous escape from eastern Siberia in 1890. Readers of The Outlook will perhaps remember the sketch of his life which was published in the number for November 1, 1913, under the title "A Heart for Every Fate." After Volkhovsky's escape from Siberia, his health, shattered by seventeen years of imprisonment and exile, was never good; but his indomitable spirit kept him at work for Russian freedom as long as he could sit at a desk and hold a pen. His last book—"Rockets"—which was published in Paris about a year ago, comprised a series of stories devoted to the advocacy of popular rule, human brotherhood, and universal peace. He hated war almost as much as he hated despotic government, and it seems like the irony of fate that in the very month of his death the monarchical and military system against which he had struggled all his life brought upon Europe the most terrible war in all its history. But that fact does not prove that the lifelong struggles of such men are futile. The very storm of war which seemed to show the impossibility of realizing Volkhovsky's dreams of human brotherhood and universal peace may finally result in the overthrow of the Hohenzollerns, the Hapsburgs, and the Romanoffs, and bring about a transfer of their power to the people, who now bear all the burdens and suffer all the miseries of war, but who have little or no voice in the making of it. It is the monarchs who issue ultimatums and declare war, but "it is not they who die."

Volkhovsky began his active life, forty-eight years ago, as a collector of funds for

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a small group of students in Moscow who were sending teachers and books to the ignorant Russian peasants in the agricultural villages. He ended it, three months ago, as associate editor of the Russian magazine "Za Narod" (For the People)—a periodical published in Paris and devoted to the interests of the oppressed and toiling masses in his native country. To the people his whole life was given, and for the people he sacrificed health, happiness, family, career, and everything that most men prize. But could he have lived his life again, he would not have changed its aims, even to escape six years more of fortress imprisonment and eleven years more of exile in Siberia. His was the spirit of the Japanese soldier who volunteers for a "sure death party" and dies in the cutting of barbed-wire entanglements. He knows that he will not participate in the capture of the fort, but he gladly spends himself in clearing the way for the assaulting column which will win the victory after he is dead.

GEORGE KENNAN.

Baddeck, Nova Scotia.

A COURT WITHOUT LAWYERS

In order to secure justice for the poorest citizens, even those who are unable to hire lawyers or pay court costs, the State of Kansas has established what is known as the Small Debtors' Court, in which cases involving claims up to twenty dollars are settled in an informal but strictly legal manner.

A photograph printed in our picture section shows the Court in Topeka, Kansas, with Judge W. H. Kemper deciding a case in favor of a "newsie" who has a claim of forty-five cents.

This is not the smallest claim to be settled by the Court, as claims have ranged as low as twenty cents; but the importance of this tribunal is not to be gauged by the amount of money involved. To a man who has worked hard for a few dollars and sees himself defrauded by a dishonest employer, it is a matter quite as vital for him to collect what is due him as it is for a prosperous business man to collect his thousands or tens of thousands of dollars.

During the year in which the Court in Topeka has been in operation 378 cases were filed, and in addition about fifty were referred to the Judge and settled by the debtor with no formality whatever. In all, claims were filed for a little more than two thousand dollars, and judgments were allowed for more than seventeen hundred dollars, most of which was paid promptly, though in some cases where the debtor was himself a poor man it was necessary to arrange for installments. In only a few cases was it necessary to attach property in enforcing the judgment of the Court, and the theory is to eliminate friction as much as possible and to dispense absolutely with legal red tape.

Judge Kemper serves without pay, and there are no court costs, nor is an attorney permitted to represent either side in litigation. The facts are stated to the Judge in a simple, non-technical manner, and he makes his decision accordingly.

The operation of the Small Debtors' Court in various cities of Kansas has been so successful that it is proposed to raise the maximum on labor claims within its jurisdiction to fifty dollars instead of twenty dollars. Not only does the court which insures free justice protect the wage-worker, but it discourages the habitual "dead beat," the man who has felt safe heretofore in disregarding small accounts with tradesmen, knowing that the amount involved is too slight to be worth taking into court.

BELGIUM

Is a treaty anything more than a "scrap of paper"?

This question is of the utmost concern to every civilized nation, and therefore to the United States.

This is the question at issue on the River Aisne and before the forts of Antwerp; for the case of Belgium is the crux of the present war.

Laws are enforced over individuals by a power superior to them—the state. Agreements between nations are not so enforceable, because there is no power superior to a nation.

There are only three ways by which international agreements can ever be enforced.

1. Either through the rise of an empire co-extensive with civilization, or through the formation of a federation of nations, there might be created a supreme world power which could compel the observance of treaties. In that case there would be an end to

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sovereign nationalities as we now know them; and the nations are not now ready to yield their sovereignty.

2. The moral nature of the several nations may be so developed that no other guarantee of their treaties would be necessary than their pledged word. This reliance on the good faith of the several nations under ordinary circumstances serves; but circumstances are sometimes extraordinary, and it is extraordinary circumstances that the most important treaties are designed to meet. Thus, the treaty establishing the neutrality of a nation has to do solely with extraordinary circumstances—the circumstances of war. If such a treaty is disregarded in war-time, then it is absolutely valueless, for it fails to be effective at the only time when it will be of any use.

3. When this second way of securing the observance of treaties breaks down, there is only one way left—war upon the treaty-breaking nation by the nations whose treaties have been violated.

If all three ways break down, then there is an end to treaties. If treaties are not to be kept, it is worse than useless to make them. If the pledged word of a nation means nothing, then to exchange pledges with it is a meaningless act, and serves only to create a false and perilous sense of security.

Those, therefore, who hope for the time to come when international treaties, interpreted by an international tribunal, shall take the place of war must believe in the righteousness of one kind of war. They will deplore and denounce war waged for conquest, or for extension of power, or for the gratification of hatred; they may even regard as needless war waged for the curbing of barbarism; some of them might argue that a war in self-defense or in defense of a weaker people could always be avoided by treaty; but all of them who really believe in treaties will support a war that is waged for the enforcement of a treaty that has been deliberately broken.

Is the World War of 1914 a war of this kind?

In 1839, when Belgium was finally established in its present form as an independent kingdom, its neutrality, guaranteed seven years before, was confirmed by a solemn treaty. The parties to this treaty included the five Great Powers of that time—Austria, England, France, Russia, and Prussia. The German Empire is bound now by what Prussia promised then, as the British Empire is bound now by what England promised then. In addition, Belgium itself was bound to resist any attempt to invade its soil or destroy its neutrality.

In 1870, when war was begun between France and Prussia, England made representations to each of those two Powers notifying them that if either violated Belgium's neutrality it would find itself confronted by England as an ally of its enemy. Belgium's neutrality was observed. Even though it has been called in derision a "paper bulwark," it stood the strain of the Franco-Prussian War. Indeed, so effective did it seem at that time that France, which had been given good reason to fear Germany, and in consequence fortified its eastern frontier, left its territory contiguous to Belgium unfortified, trusting to the adequacy of that "paper bulwark."

In the course of the years, however, it became evident to Belgium that it could not trust that "paper bulwark" against invasion by Germany. Space does not permit the rehearsal of the actions of Germany that put the Belgians on their guard; it suffices to say that the events of this summer have amply justified the precaution that Belgium took in 1913 in increasing its army to a war footing of 340,000 men. When the crisis arose, in July of this year, England, repeating her action in 1870, sounded both France and Germany with regard to Belgian neutrality.

The reply of France was prompt. It would hold to its obligation. The reply of Germany was a virtual announcement that it would not hold to its word, and was accompanied with an offer to England of a recompense if England would not hold to its word. Moreover, Germany issued a threat to Belgium, declaring that "if Belgium behaved in a hostile manner toward the German troops by creating difficulties in the line of their march, or by offering resistance from the forts of the Meuse, or destroying highways, railroads, canals, or other engineering works, Germany will be obliged to consider Belgium as an enemy." The reason which Germany gave for issuing this threat was that the Imperial German Government could not help "fearing that Belgium . . . may not be in a position to repulse, without assistance, a French move" through Belgian territory. There has been, however, not the slightest evidence offered that Belgian neutrality was threatened from the French side.

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The clearest evidence that the only threat which the Belgians recognized was that of Germany is to be found in the fact that Belgium directed its forces only to resist German troops, and that they began their resistance unaided by France. The full text of the German ultimatum and the Belgian reply appeared in last week's Outlook.

The defense offered for Germany's action that the passing of German troops over a corner of Belgian territory would not have greatly inconvenienced Belgium and would have been only a slight violation of her neutrality is like the defense offered in the case of the murder of a child to the effect that the victim was a very little baby. It altogether ignores the possibility that a nation can have a sense of honor and can regard the observance of its own obligations as of more consequence than the preservation of its fields and its towns from devastation, and the violation of its obligations as more to be feared than the reprisals of an enemy.

Until Germany openly violated its treaty obligations by undertaking the invasion of Belgium, and in addition undertook to induce England and Belgium to violate their treaty obligations, England did not cast in its lot with either side; for there was uncertainty in the minds of many Englishmen as to the duty of England in the conflict over the Servian question, and even toward Russia and France under the circumstances. Wherever the sympathies of individual Englishmen might be, there was until then reason for doubt as to the duty of the nation as a whole; but when the great German Empire broke its pledge, invited Belgium to break its pledge, and then assailed that little kingdom for keeping its word, there was an instant understanding of the issue, and a quick determination to take up the cause of the neutral nation.

Germans say that the invasion of Belgium was necessary for self-defense. Then the Germans ought never to have pledged their word that they would not invade Belgium. They either committed a wrong when they sent their forces across the Belgian frontier in violation of their promise, or they committed a wrong when they made that promise. It does not matter, therefore, whether they are mistaken or not in believing themselves engaged in a war of self-defense; in any case, they have made a solemn promise which they have broken.

There was no question as to the meaning of the Belgian treaty. The meaning of the treaty was plain and unquestioned. The violation of the treaty was therefore plain and unquestionable. This has been acknowledged by the German Chancellor.

The real ground of Germany's defense is to be found in a philosophy of international conduct. Friedrich von Bernhardi, Lieutenant-General in the German Imperial army, a writer of distinction on military matters, whose volume on "Germany and the Next War" lays down a programme which has been followed almost exactly by the German army and navy in the war now raging, writes concerning this Belgian treaty that "the whole discussion turns, not on an international right, but simply and solely on power and expediency;" and he lays down a general rule, which he repeats in varying language, that "the political behavior of a state is governed only by its own interests, and the natural antagonism and grouping of the different Great Powers must be judged by that standard."

That this rule of national conduct is not merely the doctrine of theorists but is the governing principle of Germany's action is clear from the following words in a speech by the German Chancellor before the Reichstag:

> Thus we were forced to ignore the rightful protests of the Governments of Luxemburg and Belgium. The injustice—I speak openly—the injustice we thereby committed we will try to make good as soon as our military aims have been attained.

And that Germany acted consistently on this principle is also proved by Germany's "White Book," which, in defense of Germany's course, declares that Germany could not take part in a European conference of mediation between Austria and Servia because "we could not call upon Austria to appear before a European court in her controversy with Servia."

This has been a common, perhaps prevailing, view of international relations. It corresponds to the once prevailing view of political economists that in the production and distribution of wealth men are governed solely by self-interest. It is a view that eliminates any sense of the obligation that one nation owes to another. According to this view, a treaty is indeed, as it has been called, a "scrap of paper." According to this view, a nation is entirely justified if it makes a promise and breaks it, if it pledges its word and disregards its pledge, so long

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as it finds it to its own interest to do so. It is according to this doctrine that Germany has acted in the case of Belgium. According to this view, there is only one appeal—the appeal to the sword.

This philosophy has been the support of despotism in all ages. It is the philosophy that led Alexander, Cæsar, Frederick the Great, and Napoleon on their ways of conquest. It conceives of no greatness in a nation that is not won at the expense of other nations. It regards government as superior to the people, not as the creation of the people. It is antagonistic to self-government. Such a philosophy cannot be held by a self-governing people; for, while it is essential to democracy that treaties be observed, it is essential to despotism that treaties be scraps of paper.

A Government that holds this view of international obligation knows no law beyond its own will. When, therefore, it makes war upon a weaker nation, it is unreasonable to expect that it will observe the rules of warfare that have been drawn up by international conferences except as its judgment concerning its own interests inclines it to do so.

Against this philosophy of national conduct is arrayed another with which it cannot compromise. This other view is that which regards the people as the creator and the government as the creature, which holds that a weak nation has rights which a strong nation is morally bound to respect, and which maintains that a nation that has pledged its word is under obligation to keep its pledge.

In the present war it was Belgium that first had to bear the brunt of upholding the rights of democracy against the demands of military despotism, the rights of the weak nation against the strong nation, the rights secured by solemn treaty against the purposes of those who hold that neutrality is a "word" and a treaty is a "scrap of paper."

When a people are fighting for the observance of such obligations, they are fighting for liberty and democracy just as truly as the minute-men of Concord and Lexington. They are not only defending their homes against invasion and their liberties against threatening despotism, but also championing the rights of all free peoples and maintaining a principle of international morals on which future international peace and good will must depend.

For doing this the Germans have made reprisals upon the Belgians That there have been such reprisals there is no doubt. These have taken the form, not only of the burning of towns and villages and the destruction of beautiful buildings of incalculable artistic value which can never be replaced, but also the deliberate killing of civilians, including women and children. Testimony concerning these reprisals is now obtainable, and shows that these acts were involved in the general system of reprisal, and were not merely individual cruelty or animosity. This testimony has been secured by competent investigations of an official commission in Belgium, and has been published by the Macmillan Company under the title "The Case of Belgium." We shall not undertake to reprint any of that testimony here. It substantiates the truth of the accusation that the German military system has been ruthless in wreaking vengeance on the civilian population of Belgium.

The outrages in Belgium are a natural outcome of the German military party's doctrine of national conduct. The doctrine which German military authorities have preached German military forces have practiced: there is no law which a nation is bound to obey, there is no treaty a nation is bound to keep, the weak nation has no right against the strong, and the only efficient and defensible rule is the rule of the mighty.

If the Germans were right in violating their treaty, in invading Belgium, and in using their might as the supreme law, then, when they met resistance from a liberty-loving people, they were right in making reprisals without scruple; but if the Germans were wrong in breaking their treaty and in their invasion of the neutral nation of Belgium, then in making reprisals they were adding one wrong to another.

The only answer possible to a nation that acts on this doctrine is to appeal to the one tribunal before which it will go—the tribunal of war. To a nation that acknowledges no law but its own might those nations that have a sense of honor and regard their obligations as binding can only say: "If only the sword will induce you to keep your word, we shall have to let the sword do its work. It will be our business to see that the observance of treaties which we regard as a matter of honor you shall find to be a matter of self-interest." Belgium and the Allies are therefore fighting for the cause in which the United States believes—the cause of democracy, and therefore the cause of the pledged

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word between nations, the cause of arbitration, the cause of international good faith.

Over a hundred years ago Alexander I of Russia proposed a league of peace by which the nations of Europe, acting collectively, could bring to book any nation that violated its word or disturbed the peace of Europe. That Russian Czar's proposal the liberals opposed because they believed it was made in the interest of autocracy. To-day there is a league of peace operating in Europe. It is undertaking to call to account the nation that declines to regard its pledged word as binding. This league of peace the liberals support because it is operating in the interest of democracy. It is engaged not in a struggle against the German people, although the German people are now opposing it. It is waging a war which is as much in the interest of the German people as of the Belgians, the French, the English, or the Russians. And when the war is finished, it may prove to be the war for German liberation as well as the war for the pledged word.

IN A NUTSHELL

The charge. "Nobody but Russia is giving the dangerous turn to the conflict. Nobody but Russia is to blame for the outbreak of the war." So say Rudolf Eucken and Ernest Haeckel in their appeal to the universities of America.

The facts. Austria charged Servia with official complicity in the assassination of Austria's Crown Prince by two of Austria's subjects, and gave Servia forty-eight hours to reply to an ultimatum. Russia's attitude during the eight days which intervened between Austria's accusation, on July 24, and the declaration of war by Germany against Russia, on August 1, is indicated by the Russian diplomatic correspondence now published in full by the New York "Times." From this correspondence we give here, without comment, a summary of the letters by M. Sazonof, the Russian Premier.

On Friday, July 24, the day when Austria issued her ultimatum to Servia, Sazonof asked Austria to extend the term of Servia's reply and to inform the Powers of the evidence in support of Austria's charge. Both requests Austria refused. On Sunday, the 26th, Sazonof appealed to Italy to influence her ally, Austria, in favor of peace, and simultaneously sent a copy of this request to Germany, Austria's other ally, asking Germany's influence in favor of peace. The next day Sazonof notified England that Russia was ready to accept the English proposal for a conference of the Powers, or any other method which would promise peace. The following day he twice telegraphed England, urging her to exert her influence in Germany in favor of peace. The next day he telegraphed Germany that Russian mobilization was not directed against Germany and did not indicate aggressive measures against Austria, and urged both a conference of Germany, France, England, and Italy, and also a conference between Austria and Russia, to secure peace. The next day, Vienna having refused the conference with Russia, Sazonof telegraphed England that Russia would leave herself entirely in the hands of the British Government for the initiation of procedures for peace. And on the next two days, July 30 and 31, he telegraphed simultaneously to Germany, Austria, France, England, and Italy that, if Austria would consent to stay the march of her armies on Servia, and would allow the Great Powers to consider the reparation which Servia should accord to the Government of Austria without injury to her sovereignty and independence, Russia would cease her military preparations. The consent of Austria to this proposal being refused, he finally, on July 31, telegraphed England that the only chance for peace lay in negotiations at London "facilitating for Austria the necessity of compromise." On the following day, August 1, Germany declared war against Russia because Russia refused to demobilize her troops. In this summary we have given practically the substance of all M. Sazonof's letters.

Students of history who take the trouble to read the English White Paper, the German White Book, and the Russian Orange Paper, which, combined, give the bulk of the diplomatic correspondence immediately preceding the war, will find no difficulty in reaching the conclusion that Austria, who refused all appeals of the Powers to submit to them the evidences of her charges against Servia, and Germany, who refused to cooperate with the Powers in asking Austria to submit her complaints against Servia to a conference of the Powers, are responsible for the European war, and that Sir Edward Grey in England and M. Sazonof in Russia did all that it was possible for men to do to secure a peaceful adjustment of the issue.

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LETTERS TO UNKNOWN FRIENDS

TO A YOUNG MINISTER

I have from time to time received letters from young men, some of them entering, others desiring to enter, the ministry. Without attempting here to report their questions, I offer to such men some suggestions which I hope these individual correspondents will accept in lieu of a personal reply.

Mr. Huxley has given what I have often quoted as the best definition of education with which I am acquainted: "Education is the instruction of the intellect in the laws of nature, under which name I include not merely things and their forces, but men and their ways; and the fashioning of the affections and of the will into an earnest and loving desire to move in harmony with those laws."

Accepting this definition, I may say that the principal work of the teacher is the instruction of the intellect; his training of the affections and the will is incidental and indirect. The principal work of the minister is the training of the affections and of the will; the instruction of the intellect is incidental and indirect. If a young man's interest is primarily intellectual, if he wishes to instruct the intellect that he may remove the bar to human progress produced by ignorance, he is called to be a teacher. If his interest is primarily inspirational, if he wishes to train the affections and the will and remove the barriers to human progress produced by a lack of high and noble resolves, he is called to be a minister. If he believes that the best means to this end is an interpretation of the great moral laws as they are interpreted to us by experience, his place is in the ministry of ethical culture. If he believes the best means is an interpretation of the life, the character, and the ministry of Jesus Christ, his place is in the Christian ministry. If he believes that the life and character of Jesus Christ afford the supremest ideal for human endeavor and the supremest manifestation of the divine Spirit which human history affords, and he desires to give to others that faith which is an inspiration to himself, he has a call to the Christian ministry. He need not wait for any other call. If it is possible for him to get a thorough education, it is very desirable for him to do so. In general a college and a theological seminary are the best available means for that purpose, and generally taken in that order. But Dr. George A. Gordon took the seminary first and the college afterwards; Mr. Charles G. Finney attended neither college nor seminary; and the experience of Dwight L. Moody has demonstrated that a man may be very successful in the ministry without any previous schooling, provided he will study afterward. He should, however, at least know the English Bible thoroughly.

Whether he goes into the Baptist or the Methodist or the Presbyterian or the Congregational or the Unitarian or the Episcopal or the Roman Catholic ministry will depend partly on his doctrinal opinions, but much more on his temperament and training.

In this ministry he will find some serious obstacles. He must expect them and be prepared to meet them. If he wants an easy and pleasant job, he had better take up with some other calling. There is great joy in the Gospel ministry, but it is the joy of overcoming difficulties and discouragements.

His ministerial income will be small, and if he feels himself dependent on his congregation for that income the temptation to preach so as to please his congregation will be very great. The power of the purse has always been a controlling power in the world. The battles fought in England between the Puritans and the Royalists were fought to determine whether the King should be dependent on the people or the people on the King. The American Revolution was fought and the hardships of that period endured because England endeavored to exercise the power of the purse over America; and America won her political independence by winning her financial independence.

If the congregation controls the minister's livelihood, if he can live only as he secures their support, he will find it very difficult to maintain his intellectual and spiritual independence. During the major part of my life I have been independent of my congregation, habitually earning a considerable part of my income by my pen, and always believing myself able to earn the whole of it. Had I lived in the country and possessed any agricultural ability, I would have depended for my support in part upon my farm. I know a young minister, who was both musical and mechanical, who earned a part of his income by tuning pianos. Paul earned much of his livelihood by his trade as a tent-maker.

It is not indispensable, perhaps not even

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desirable, that the minister should earn money outside his church salary. But it is indispensable that he should have faith in his ability to earn his living; it is important that his wife should have faith in that ability; and it is absolutely essential that he should be willing to live on the narrowest of incomes, earned in whatever way he can earn it, rather than be subservient to the power of the purse in his congregation.

A great cause of discouragement to the minister is the lack of response to his message in the community. The teacher encounters the same cause of discouragement. If he had to teach pupils eager to learn, teaching would be a constant delight. In fact, his pupils resort to a great variety of ingenious devices to avoid learning. To overcome their disinclination, to inspire in them a desire for learning, is the most difficult part of his task. The minister has a similar experience. He enters the ministry filled with an enthusiasm for the life which has taken possession of him. The joy, the hope, the peace, the noble ambition which God has given to him, he desires to give to others. He fancies that he has only to offer these gifts and they will be gladly accepted. He finds himself mistaken. Many in the community will not even come to church to hear the offer of these gifts; many come only from a sense of duty or from a habit early formed. The shorter the service, the better such hearers are pleased. I spoke once at a song service in a boys' school. As the boys were coming out one was heard to say to his fellow: "That was a bully sermon; it was only four and a half minutes long."

Sometimes his preaching will interfere with business, as did that of Paul at Ephesus, and now, as then, the business interests which his preaching injures will attack him. Sometimes his preaching will run counter to current philosophy, and the answer he will get will be that given to Paul in Athens, "We will hear thee again of this matter." Often he will have to do what Jesus Christ did—veil his teaching in parables, figures, illustrations, in order to get any hearing for it. Let him not, then, become discouraged and think that preaching is of no use. If all men and women were saints, there would be little call for a Gospel ministry. A young man once came to me to get my aid in finding a parish for him. I asked him why he had left his last parish. "Why, Dr. Abbott," said he, "that town was more like a hell on earth than any place you ever saw." "Well," I replied, "what is a minister for except to go to a town that is like hell and try to convert it into a town that is like heaven?"

The minister's work would be easier, and certainly pleasanter, if in it he always had the support of his church. I think it was Dr. Parkhurst who said, "The church is the minister's force, not his field." This is what the church should be; but often it is not. A young minister once wrote to Dr. Lyman Beecher asking his aid in getting a new parish because his church was no help to him in his ministry. To him Dr. Lyman Beecher wrote in reply, "I have been all my life boosting churches." No one can read the Book of Acts and the Epistles of Paul without realizing that the church was Paul's field quite as much as his force. No one can read the four Gospels without realizing that the twelve companions whom Christ chose to be his Apostles were often more a burden than an inspiration.

More serious than all the difficulties which the minister encounters without are those which he encounters within himself. He has to make clear to others a faith which is sometimes obscure to himself, to make inspiring to others a hope when it has flown away from his own heart and left it empty, a love for others when it seems to him that all his aspirations and ambitions are corrupted by selfishness. One correspondent has asked me what Paul means by saying, "Lest that by any means, when I have preached to others, I myself should be a castaway."

I suppose some of my readers will think that I ought not to put this discouraging view of the ministry before young men. Not too many of them as it is are entering the ministry. That is very true. Nevertheless, I am inclined to the opinion that no man ought to be a preacher of the Gospel if he can help it. There is no service that seems to me so joyous, so personally remunerative. But it is joyous and remunerative only to the man who recognizes his own imperfections, the imperfections of the Church, and the indifference, the apathy, and sometimes the active hostility of the world, and who nevertheless feels an overpowering desire to give to others a vision of eternal life, though he has had but a glimpse, and the glory of a great battle, though in that battle he has sometimes ingloriously failed.

LYMAN ABBOTT.

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A PROPHETIC COMMEMORATION

Mr. Percy MacKaye's poem "Fight," read at the recent celebration of the centenary of the Battle of Plattsburgh, and printed in this week's issue of The Outlook, suggests the striking change of attitude toward war which registers the advance of civilization.

Two hundred and ten years ago that able commander and utterly selfish man Marlborough won the victory of Blenheim and made his fortune at the same time, and an accomplished young writer celebrated the event by writing a poem of such engaging stateliness of phrase that he was promptly promoted to the dignified post of Under-Secretary of State. "The Campaign" was not the fine rhapsody of a moment of deep emotion, but it was an impressive laudation of the success of an able professional soldier in an age when war was an affair of state, directed by sovereign and politician, largely for the preservation or advancement of dynastic interests. War was splendidly dressed and dramatically staged; the armies were made up of professional fighters; the commanders wore brilliant uniforms and competed for splendid prizes. The horrors of war were known only to those whose homes were in the path of the tornado. To the world at large it had epical dignity and spectacular glory. It is this expurgated and highly generalized form of war which Addison celebrated in famous and resounding lines:

"'Twas then great Marlbro's mighty soul was prov'd,
That, in the shock of charging hosts unmov'd,
Amid confusion, horror, and despair,
Examin'd all the dreadful scenes of war;
In peaceful thought the field of death survey'd,
To fainting squadrons sent the timely aid,
Inspir'd repuls'd battalions to engage,
And taught the doubtful battle where to rage.
So when an angel by divine command
With rising tempests shakes a guilty land,
Such as of late o'er pale Britannia past,
Calm and serene he drives the furious blast;
And, pleas'd the Almighty's orders to perform,
Rides in the whirlwind and directs the storm."

"Addison left off at a good moment," writes Thackeray. "That simile was pronounced to be one of the greatest ever produced in poetry. That angel, that good angel, flew off with Mr. Addison, and landed him in the place of Commissioner of Appeals." This kind of war was "magnificent, but it was not war" as we know war to-day. Then the battle often hung on individual dash; to-day it turns on scientific training and precision; then the commander in charge of the field was in a uniform glittering with orders, was mounted on a noble horse, and surrounded by a brilliant staff carrying his orders at full gallop to his subordinates. To-day the commanding general may be far in the rear of a front which is a hundred miles long, in the open or under a canvas cover, before him an improvised table covered with telephones, a group of men about him in communication with every part of the field; he is in undress uniform, or, if the day is close, his coat may be thrown on the ground; half-consumed cigarettes lie about him. He is no longer a dashing figure under fire; he is a cool, calculating expert playing the game of war scientifically.

War to-day does not lack its spectacular side, but its epical quality no longer conceals its savagery; it is sometimes the last and only defense of country, liberty, and home, and then it becomes a form of brave and noble sacrifice; but to this generation the glamour which once blinded the eyes to its horror has vanished. In Mr. MacKaye's poem Jock goes straight from the little home of which he is the support and the fields from which he gains a frugal living for the hard-worked mother and the disabled father. His country needs his help, and he answers that call as his father had answered it before him. He is a raw recruit from a farm, but he is every inch a man; a real man is always a soldier in the making. His companions are raw and untrained in the art of war, but they have courage, quick minds, and ready hands. Hidden in the upper reaches of Otter Creek, they improvise the little fleet on which they are to meet the invaders. War to them is not a profession; it is a stern duty.

Mr. MacKaye has chosen a gruesome incident and made it the dramatic climax of the fight; he deals with war as we see it to-day in all its ghastly horror. Poetry will find noble themes in the courage and sacrifice of men in the six armies now fighting, as it finds themes in the character constantly revealed in the operating and waiting rooms of the hospital; but war is shorn of its ancient splendor, and has become a surgery still sometimes necessary because the nations have not yet learned to live in moral and spiritual health.

The ancient terror, Mr. MacKaye reminds us, "still wreaks upon the world her lawless

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might," war still stains the earth and blackens the heavens, and sweeps the fields clear of the strength of youth, but war is stripped of its old-time glamour; it is a horror in modern civilization, a survival of a barbarous age of international ignorance and hate.

It is easy to make the commemoration of a battle the exploitation of a victory, but the celebration at Plattsburgh, like that at Gettysburgh a year ago, struck a loftier note and widened into a noble prelude to the commemoration of a Century of Peace. In all hearts a stirring memory set a great hope at liberty, and, while the echoes of cannon shook the Continent of Europe, made a splendid achievement of civilization and international comity luminous in the eyes of the whole world—a memorial of past struggle became a prophecy of perpetual peace. At the crossing of the roads where the land forces of the British and Americans met in the outskirts of Plattsburgh there stands a monument which recites the facts that on that ground the Americans "briefly but stubbornly resisted the heroic advance of the British army;" four Canadians of distinction took part in the exercises, and in the cemetery wreaths were placed on the graves of those who fell on both sides in the gallant struggle between Macdonough and Downie. In that quiet place, in one of the loveliest landscapes on the continent, "far-off, unhappy things and battles long ago" were remembered only as the storm of a century ago is commemorated in the deeper fertility and the richer beauty which has obliterated its ravages.

IRISH HOME RULE AT LAST

FROM A STAFF CORRESPONDENT IN LONDON

ON the afternoon of September 14 I went to the House of Lords. Never had the superb Gothic gilded chamber seemed more beautiful to me. The sun came through the great stained-glass windows containing portraits of the kings and queens of England and fell upon the niches where are the statues of the barons who compelled King John to sign the Magna Charta. Before me at the other end of the hall was the throne, and in front of it the famous woolsack on which the Lord Chancellor, as presiding officer of the upper house, sits. Beneath me was the bar, at which "the faithful Commons" attend to hear the Speech from the Throne or to hear the royal assent to the bills they themselves have passed.

But on either side of the chamber were the red morocco benches on which the five hundred and fifty peers are entitled to sit. To the right of the Lord Chancellor there was but a sprinkling of peers; to his left the benches were crowded. To his right were the Liberal peers, to his left the Conservatives. The Conservatives have always ruled the House of Lords. They do so now, but their power, like that of the chamber itself, has been checked.

Irish Home Rule legislation has brought about this check. If the various propositions on this subject had been left to the peers, there would have been no legislation. If the majority of the voters in the United Kingdom want local self-government in general, and want it for Ireland in particular, why should a house composed largely of hereditary peers prevent it?

It was proposed to change the character of the House. Of the various methods suggested one seemed to find particular favor, namely, that the membership of the House should consist in future of one-third hereditary peers to be chosen from the present number, one-third representatives of the universities and the learned professions, and one-third representatives chosen directly by the people. But the character of the House has not yet been changed. How, then, could such a measure as the Irish Home Rule Bill triumph over such opposition?

The successful device put forth is known as the Parliament Act of 1911. It provides that, if a measure shall in its original form have passed the House of Commons three times in three successive sessions, it shall automatically go to the Monarch for royal assent, the House of Lords notwithstanding. The automatic action of the Parliament Act in respect to the maturing of a bill in its third session takes place whether the bill is rejected or there is a failure to consider it.

Mr. Asquith, the Prime Minister, and the Liberal Cabinet—that is to say, the Government—had decided that the Irish Home Rule Act shall go on the statute-book as a matter of legal form, agreeably with Par-

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liament's decision three years ago. At no time has the Premier pledged himself that the operation of the Parliament Act should be interrupted. The bill has now passed beyond the decision of Parliament. The Government's plain duty, in the opinion of the Prime Minister, is to put the bill on the statute-book, while trying to preserve the balance so that nothing shall be done to intensify a controversy unprecedented in its character and painful to all concerned.

To this end the Prime Minister definitely proposed, and the Marquis of Crewe, Government leader in the House of Lords, announced for him, that neither this nor any other Government would possibly think of imposing Home Rule on Ulster by force, that the Government proposed that there should be no operation of the Home Rule Bill until the close of the war, and that an Amending Bill should be brought in and passed before the expiration of twelve months. He added that such an Amending Bill would not necessarily take the form of exclusion, though it was quite impossible to forecast what shape it would assume.

Of course there was a storm of opposition. The Marquis of Lansdowne, leader of the Opposition in the House of Lords, in a forceful speech proceeded to assail the Government. As the two able men—Lord Crewe and Lord Lansdowne—faced each other, one could but recall how, when England was once before at war, Pitt was assailed in the House of Commons day after day by Fox.

Lord Lansdowne protested that Lord Crewe's hazy guarantees were all that survived of the Prime Minister's explicit promise months ago that the Home Rule Bill and the Amending Bill should go forward together for the royal assent. He instanced the repeated pledge of the Premier that neither party should be prejudiced or be worse off by reason of the war. He also instanced the Premier's promise that nothing should be done to revive party controversy while the war continued. He regarded those three pledges as a solemn obligation. Later Lord Curzon referred to them as the "scrap of paper" on which the Opposition relied, and which they wanted to be operative in domestic as in international politics.

In effect, the Government proposed a sort of stay of execution bill. The Opposition met this demand by proposing a sort of "moratorium" bill; that is to say, Lord Lansdowne proposed that the Home Rule Bill should not be proceeded with further during the continuance of the present war, but in the first session of Parliament thereafter should be taken as having passed through the stages in Parliament which they had respectively passed on July 20, 1914. He also proposed to extend the term of this Parliament from five years to seven years.

Each side was playing for party advantage. Lord Crewe called attention to the fact that a failure to pass these bills at once would be "a definite triumph for the Opposition," who would derive "a new credit" from their postponement; or, he almost playfully added, it was possible that another Government of a different complexion from the present might come into office which would substitute "a gas-and-water Home Rule Bill" for the full-blooded measure on which the Irish had set their heart.

Lord Lansdowne, with full benches behind him, protested that the Government was taking advantage of the Lords' "helplessness." The Lords could do nothing. On this supreme test of the Home Rule issue their hands were tied. Their rule was ended.

On September 15, in the House of Commons, the new Suspensory Bill, as outlined above, was passed through all its stages. The scene was much more exciting than on the previous day. On the Liberal side, after fierce invective from the Opposition, Mr. Churchill and Mr. Illingworth sprang angrily to their feet and left the House, followed by a score of other Liberals and Radicals, while, after the speech by their leader, Mr. Bonar Law, the whole Opposition left the House!

On September 19 the Home Rule Bill received royal assent. Thus ends a long chapter of history.

When the House of Commons met, the "Black Rod" summoned it to the bar of the House of Lords, where the Lords Commissioners sat by the Lord Chancellor. Through these Commissioners the royal assent was given to various bills. Of course *the* bill was the Irish Home Rule measure, it having been duly passed under the provisions of the Parliament Act of 1911.

After the royal assent had been given, some of the members of the House of Commons cried, "God save Ireland," to which the Nationalists replied, "God save England."

Parliament stands prorogued. The session has been unprecedented in Parliamentary history.

ELBERT F. BALDWIN.

London, September 19 1914.

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THE WAR AND INTERNATIONAL SOCIALISM

BY A SOCIALIST

One of the puzzles to Americans in connection with the European war has been the fact that very sincere German Socialists have taken arms against equally sincere French Socialists, and vice versa. Internationalism is one of the cardinal doctrines of Socialism, just as brotherhood is one of the cardinal doctrines of organized Christianity. Why is it, non-Socialists have asked, that nationalism has taken precedence of internationalism with the Socialist leaders of Germany and France, the two European countries in which both philosophic and practical Socialism have had their greatest advances in recent years? Desiring some light on this puzzle, we presented this question to a well-known American writer, a Socialist who is an active member of the American Socialist party, and who is personally acquainted with many of the Socialistic leaders throughout the world. We think the following article throws light upon this question. It should be remembered, however, that it is the expression of an individual, and not of an official spokesman of the Socialist party.—THE EDITORS.

IN all Socialist discussions on militarism a distinction has been adopted between wars of aggression and wars of defense. Gustave Hervé and his friends started a paper in France—"La Guerre Sociale"—to oppose war without any such distinction. He signed his articles from prison "A Man Without a Country." And in his principal book, "Leur Patrie" (Their Country), he developed a theory which he called "Anti-Patriotism." He maintained that the proletariat have no interest in the nationality of their oppressors. The French workingman does not own any of France. *La Patrie* belongs to those who hold title to its fields and factories. If the *patrons* are attacked by the German capitalists—well, let them defend *their* country. Why, forsooth, should the landless, penniless French workingmen risk their lives to defend the property of those who have not been especially kind to them?

Logicians have found it very hard to develop any argument for patriotism which would hold water. But, in spite of very active propaganda, the Hervé group was never able to swing more than a small majority of the French workingmen. It makes no difference whether you call patriotism a congenital instinct, a noble sentiment, or an insane tradition—there is no use arguing with it. It is a condition, not a theory. No one denies that Imperial Germany has done more to protect its workingmen than Republican France. But the French Socialist party refused to be anti-patriotic. And Hervé himself had to admit at last that most of the French workingmen would rather be shot while on strike by their own soldiers than be insured against sickness and old age by German officials.

However, although the French Socialists were not willing to go all the way with Hervé, they certainly hated militarism. The standing army is an immense economic tax. Since 1870 the French army has seen no active service except against half-armed natives in the colonies and as strike-breakers at home. Militarism stands square in the way of social aspirations. The rank and file of the French workers hated the army and in the same breath loved their country. Their party had to take some stand.

Some one invented this distinction between offensive and defensive war. The party Congress, undoubtedly expressing the will of its constituents, announced that the workers would defend the Republic in case of attack, but against a war of aggression, in the colonies or in Europe, they would use their whole strength, "even to a general strike and armed insurrection."

Hervé, at the time, insisted that the distinction between offensive and defensive warfare was fallacious. But he was voted down. This stand against aggressive warfare was as revolutionary as the spirit of the rank and file warranted.

The French took this anti-military resolution to the International Congress at Stuttgart. The German comrades did not accept it willingly. This was partly because they were above all preoccupied with the fight for equal suffrage in Prussia and were reluctant to divert any energy to what seemed to them a

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side issue. It was largely because they felt their inability at the time seriously to oppose the militarism of the German ruling class. They did not want to make promises or threats that they could not fulfill. And, strange as it seemed to the French, the great mass of German workers are ardent patriots.

The German comrades were also influenced by the "historic theory" that revolutions have in the past taken place at the end, not the outbreak, of wars. This argument was used several times, and evidently impressed those who used it. The Revolutionary Commune broke out in Paris *after* the Franco-Prussian War. The Russian upheaval came *after* the Japanese War. To begin a revolt before a war was *nicht in der Ordnung*.

But in the face of the overwhelming sentiment of the Congress, the German delegates finally accepted this distinction between offensive and defensive warfare. And the International, while asserting the right of self-defense for all nationalities, unanimously pledged itself to go to the utmost extreme—general strike and armed insurrection—to prevent aggressive wars.

Bebel took an early opportunity to make this distinction in the Reichstag. He eloquently attacked the evils of militarism and colonial adventure, but assured the Government that, in case Germany was wantonly attacked, the patriotism of the Socialists could be relied upon. He said that, in spite of his age, he would shoulder a musket himself and go to the frontier to defend Teutonic culture from any aggression by Russian despotism. And many of the German comrades, led by Dr. Liebknecht and Rosa Luxembourg, have carried on an active propaganda against war.

According to this generally accepted distinction between offensive and defensive warfare, Vandervelde was justified in supporting the Belgian Government. There could be no two opinions about that—Belgium was attacked.

And the news from Paris does not allow any doubt about the general feeling there. The French believe they have been attacked. It does not matter whether they are right about this or wrong. If they believe that this is a defensive war, they are free, according to the wording of the Stuttgart resolution, to rally beside their Government.

But very general surprise is expressed that the German comrades have done the same. As a matter of fact, we know as yet very little about their attitude. The Imperial censor has allowed the news to come out that Haase made a speech in the Reichstag in which he said that, as Germany was attacked, it was the duty of Socialists to defend the Fatherland, and, above all, to do what they could to relieve the inevitable misery of the crisis. We do not know how generally he has been upheld by the other comrades. We have, for instance, no authentic word from Liebknecht. We do know that all the Socialist newspapers opposed the war to the last, and that some were promptly suppressed—certainly not for advocating war. While it is possible that some of our comrades may have decided that this war was aggressive, and therefore to be resisted to the extreme (such news, of course, no censor would pass), it seems probable that most of the German Socialists are supporting the Government.

A press despatch says that Guesde, when he entered the French Cabinet, explained that he did so because the German party had proved traitors—a grave charge which has been echoed on this side of the water. There are only two alternatives. Either Guesde's charge of treason is true and the German party has repudiated its pledges, or they do not consider this an aggressive war on the part of Germany. Personally, I believe the latter alternative more probable. Burke's statement that you cannot indict a whole nation applies here. Guesde is reported to have indicted the whole working class of Germany. But we had best reserve judgment till the evidence is available.

If the German workingmen as organized in the Socialist party believe that the *Vaterland*—which they love just as unreasoningly as the French love *La Patrie*—is suffering from wanton aggression, they are exactly as far justified in supporting their Government as is Guesde.

Who is the aggressor in this war? On the one hand, we have the diplomatic correspondence published in the British "White Paper." It is evident that a very large part of the editorial opinion in America on this question is based on this and similar documents. Even if we forget the traditions of European diplomacy—falsified telegrams, public treaties with secret clauses; even if we forget Sir Edward Grey's repeated assurances to the House of Commons that England was not bound to give military support

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to France, although the French and English General Staffs had arranged for the British Expeditionary Force, to the exact number of men, as far back as 1911—even if we accept this "White Paper" at its face value, it does not prove anything except that England did not want to go to war at this moment.

And, after all, it does not matter who the historians-to-come will decide started this war. The verdict on the action of the German Socialists must depend on what they thought about it in the midst of the crisis.

There is no country in Europe in which the machinery for controlling public opinion is as highly developed as in Germany. Francesco Crispi tells of an interview of his with Bismarck. The Iron Chancellor was "peeved" because Crispi was not sure whether Italian public opinion would approve of the proposed alliance with Austria. He scolded Crispi about it. A government, he said, was criminally weak that permitted public opinion to oppose it. The business of statesmanship consisted in preparing and controlling public opinion. He gave Crispi a number of hints on how to do it. Von Bülow, in his book on "Imperial Germany," assumes, without any argument, that the Government can control practically all sources of publicity—church, school, and press. The evidence of this control is patent to any one who follows the German newspapers. Germans frequently make the statement that Maximilian Harden is the only independent journalist in the Empire. And it is very nearly true.

Now the German Government, with this carefully developed system, its subservient and well-trained pastors, professors, and press, had an unusually easy problem in this case. The Allies had given them abundant material on which to build the belief that Germany was the victim of aggression.

There are many things to warrant the belief that the English King, the French President, and the Czar—acting for the commercial gentlemen who pay their salaries—have for many years, in spite of their oily-mouthed diplomatic palaver about peace, been plotting the overthrow of German political and economic development. This has certainly been believed by all classes of Germans, irrespective of their social position or political creed. Not only the jingoist of the Navy League, but also timid burghers, have felt the menace to the Fatherland.

The last year has seen a very venomous anti-Russian campaign in the German press. Day after day disturbing news has been published from the eastern frontier. The puppet Duma voted to accept a gigantic loan from France for the reorganization of the army. Russia is the least threatened country in Europe. She has no more need of an immense army to defend her frontiers than we have. The increase was senseless—or threatening. Then General Joffre, of the French army, visited Russia and inspected the German frontier; immediately, on his advice, three Russian army corps were moved nearer the border. Next, although no country in Europe is more sorely in need of commercial railways, the Duma voted funds for a network of strategical lines in Poland, by means of which troops could be moved into Germany three days quicker. And Russia, under English advice, was, at immense expense, reorganizing her navy. She has no oversea colonies, no large merchant marine to protect. Once again the increase was senseless—or threatening.

That the German Government had its hireling press put the worst possible interpretation on these Russian military developments shows how well the machinery for controlling public opinion was oiled. Whenever any prominent Russian made a bellicose speech against Germany, whenever "Novoe Vremya" had an anti-German article, it was reprinted in full in the German press. Nothing which the Russian peace party had to say was ever repeated in the Berlin papers.

The same thing—a little more clumsily—was going on in Russia. The Czar also was accustoming his people to believe in the threat of aggression from Germany. Both sides were not only polishing their arms for this war, but were preparing public opinion.

What I want to emphasize is that the German Government had plenty of material on which to base its brief. Over against the fine diplomatic phrases of the "White Papers" are a dozen military facts which the war has disclosed. Before we in America heard the first rumble of the approaching storm Great Britain had mobilized her fleet as never before—under pretext of a naval review. The Chauvinist element in France, of which President Poincaré is the acknowledged head, suddenly came out on top in the political *mêlée*. For reasons which are still obscure, the opposition of the Radicals to the three years' military service suddenly stopped. It has been affirmed, and not denied, that Poincaré sum-

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moned the leaders of the opposition and told them that war was inevitable within a few months. The unexpected speed of the Russian advance in force into East Prussia and Galicia has convinced all military observers that the Czar had begun to mobilize his army before Austria sent her ultimatum to Servia. In the face of such things, it is evident that a German is not an idiot if he believes the Kaiser's statement that the existence of the Fatherland was threatened.

Personally, I believe that the Powers of the *Entente* were planning some move this fall. Perhaps it was their intention to pull off a "peaceful diplomatic" coup—backed by a demonstration of overwhelming force. And I believe that the German Government, foreseeing the threatened aggression, decided to strike first, and did so with the nation practically unanimous in the conviction that it was a defensive war.

However, my personal beliefs do not matter. The point I want to emphasize is that, even if the Kaiser from lust of blood or the Crown Prince's party in a frenzied desire for glory wantonly precipitated an aggressive war, still the Government bureau of public opinion had ample material at hand from which to argue convincingly—even to the Socialists—that this is a war in defense of the Fatherland.

There is a large body of Englishmen, from the Laborites on the Left, even as far towards the Right as Lord Morley, who would subscribe, in part at least, to my contention that British diplomacy towards Germany had been wantonly provocative, and that the Government had not done all it might with honor and decency do to prevent this war.

There is little use in discussing whether our German comrades are right or wrong in considering the Kaiser's Declaration of War defensive. In spite of Guesde's sweeping denunciation, we have no reason to believe that they have gone with blithe cynicism into what they felt was an aggressive war.

A very interesting contrast is presented by the situation in England. It is the one country involved in which the representatives of the workers have refused to co-operate with the Government. John Burns, who certainly is not a Revolutionary Socialist, has given up his political career because he believes that the war is unjustified. Keir Hardie in Trafalgar Square and Ramsay MacDonald in Parliament and the Labor press have protested.

The reason is not far to seek. Public opinion is not so easily controlled in England as on the Continent. The real Liberals and sincere peace advocates have for years used the freedom of the press to attack the aggressive diplomacy of Sir Edward Grey—as would have been impossible in Russia, Germany, or France. But, in spite of the relative weakness of the British Government in controlling public opinion, the moment the crisis arose they were able to get away with it. The most effective protest which the opponents of war could devise was silent withdrawal from the Cabinet. The London "Times," for instance, has not printed any statement from Lord Morley as to why he resigned. From German sources we hear that John Burns explained his action in a public speech. But the English papers which I have been following have not even alluded to it. In time of stress even the English Government—the most Liberal in Europe—can silence all opposition.

In so far as the facts have reached us, we can deduce one thing from the present situation. The distinction between offensive and defensive warfare has no practical value.

Public opinion can be carefully prepared or suddenly inflamed. There is no doubt that almost every man with a gun in his hands to-day in Europe believes that his country's cause is just and that he is defending its cherished institutions from an aggressor.

A tourist just returned from Bermuda tells me that every able-bodied man in that minute island has "volunteered" to defend the Empire. It is certain that the few hundred Germans scattered over the Pacific islands—in Samoa and the Ladrones—are just as wildly inspired with the desire to defend their Empire. It would be laughable if it were not so appallingly sad.

We must accept the fact that all men who go out to battle—with the exception of a few maniacs and vestigial desperadoes who were born a couple of centuries too late—believe that they are doing so to protect their homes from arson, their mothers and sisters and wives from rape, or to defend their country from unwarranted aggression. It may be false historically, but it is a psychological fact.

If we Socialists are going to declare *la guerre à la guerre*, we must decide to fight war—the *Ding an sich*—without any qualifying adjectives.

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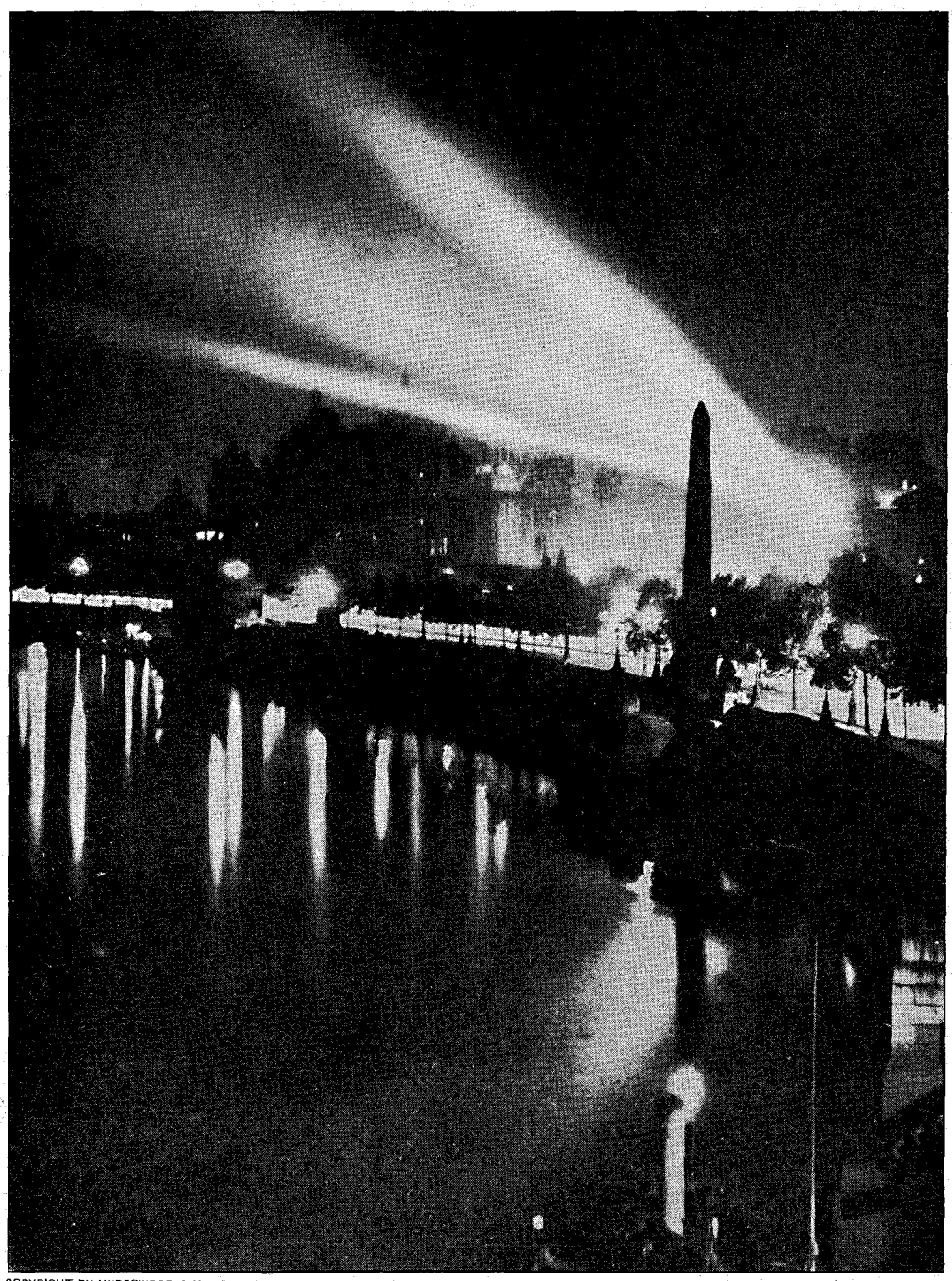
Current Events Pictorially Treated



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LONDON PROTECTING ITSELF BY SEARCHLIGHTS

Invading aircraft constitute a threat to the British metropolis at present, and powerful searchlights sweep the skies at night to detect possible hostile aeroplanes or Zeppelins. The searchlight shown in the picture is directed from the neighborhood of Charing Cross

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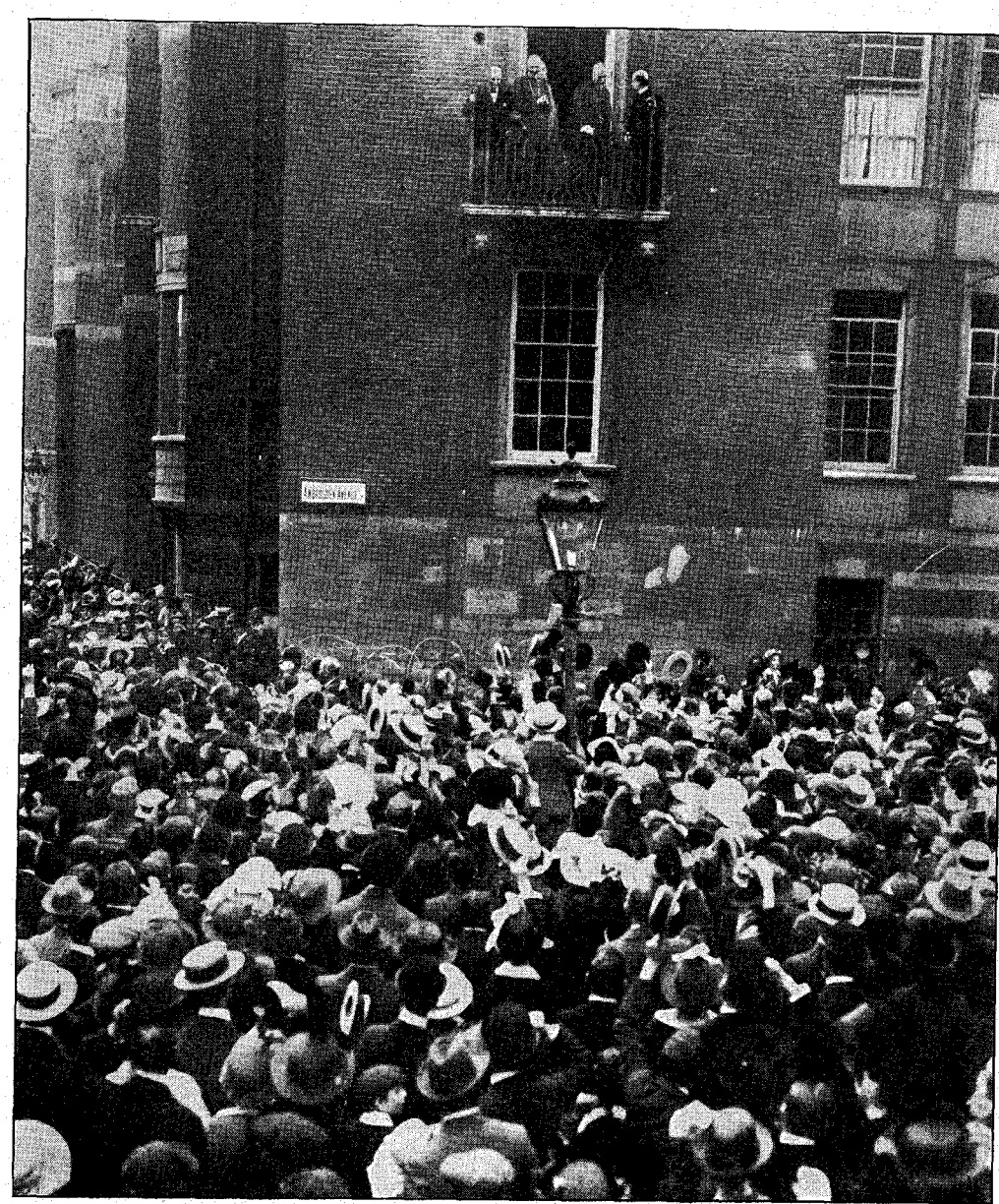

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THE ARCHBISHOP OF MALINES ADDRESSES AN ENGLISH AUDIENCE

The Archbishop is seen on the balcony making an appeal to British auditors in behalf of the Belgians who have suffered during the war

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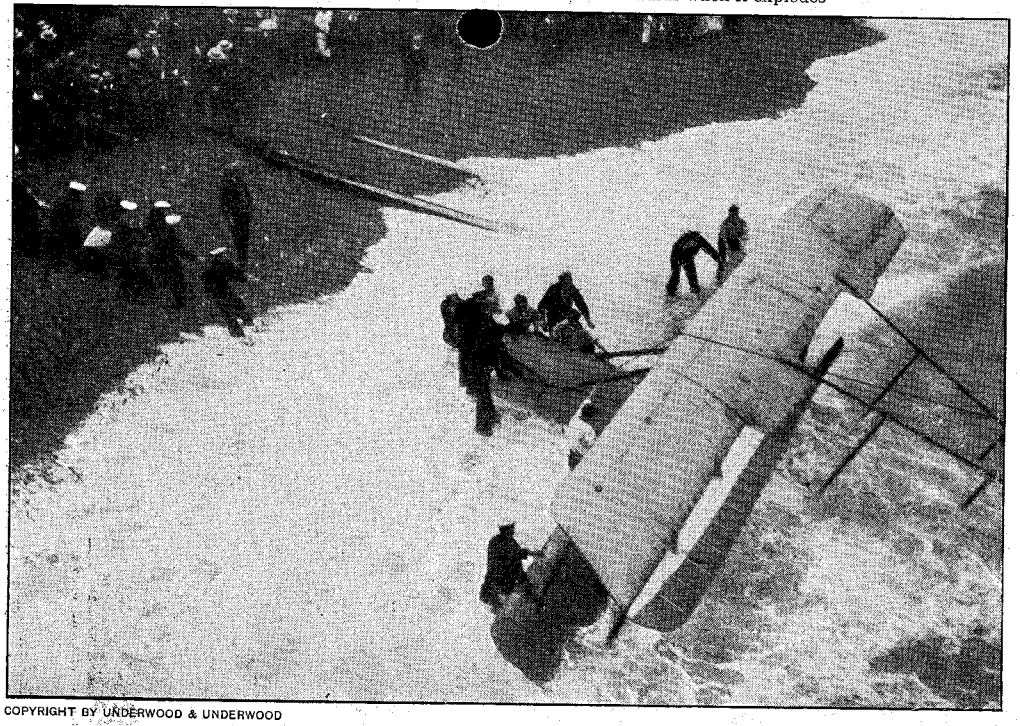
AN INGENIOUS ATTEMPT TO NEUTRALIZE THE EFFECT OF EXPLODING SHELLS

These coils of iron wire, photographed in front of the German trenches near Melle, are placed there to break the force of artillery fire. The idea is that the shells from the enemy's guns will fall into the rings and that the fragments of the shell will be confined to a small radius when it explodes



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A BRITISH WAR AEROPLANE WRECKED

Flying-machines are an extra-hazardous means of locomotion even in times of peace and in the most favorable weather, and when they are charged with the duty of scouting, as in the case of the one shown in the photograph, the uncertain weather of the North Sea sometimes brings them to grief. The sailors are endeavoring to get this aeroplane ashore for possible salvage or repair

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MAKESHIFT HOMES FOR BELGIUM'S REFUGEES

The bathing-houses of the celebrated watering-place of Ostend have been put to use as homes for the victims of war in Belgium. While these houses leave much to be desired as habitations, they at least furnish shelter from the weather to the hapless villagers whose houses have been destroyed by the invaders

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THE RUINS OF TERMONDE

The stricken inhabitants of many a town and city of once prosperous Belgium might, in the words of Jeremiah, say concerning the ruler of Germany, "He is gone forth from his place to make thy land desolate; and thy cities shall be laid waste, without an inhabitant." And they might add, in the words of the author of Chronicles, "If evil come upon us, the sword, judgment, or pestilence, or famine, we will stand before this house, and before Thee, and cry unto Thee in our affliction, and Thou wilt hear and save"

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A BASEBALL CLUB THAT HAS TRIUMPHED THROUGH GOOD MANAGEMENT

The Boston "Braves," shown above, have jumped to the first position in the National League, taking this coveted place from the New York "Giants." Excellent work on the part of the manager, George Stallings, is universally ascribed as the principal cause of the remarkable advance of the "Braves." The club has a good chance to win the World's Series soon to be played

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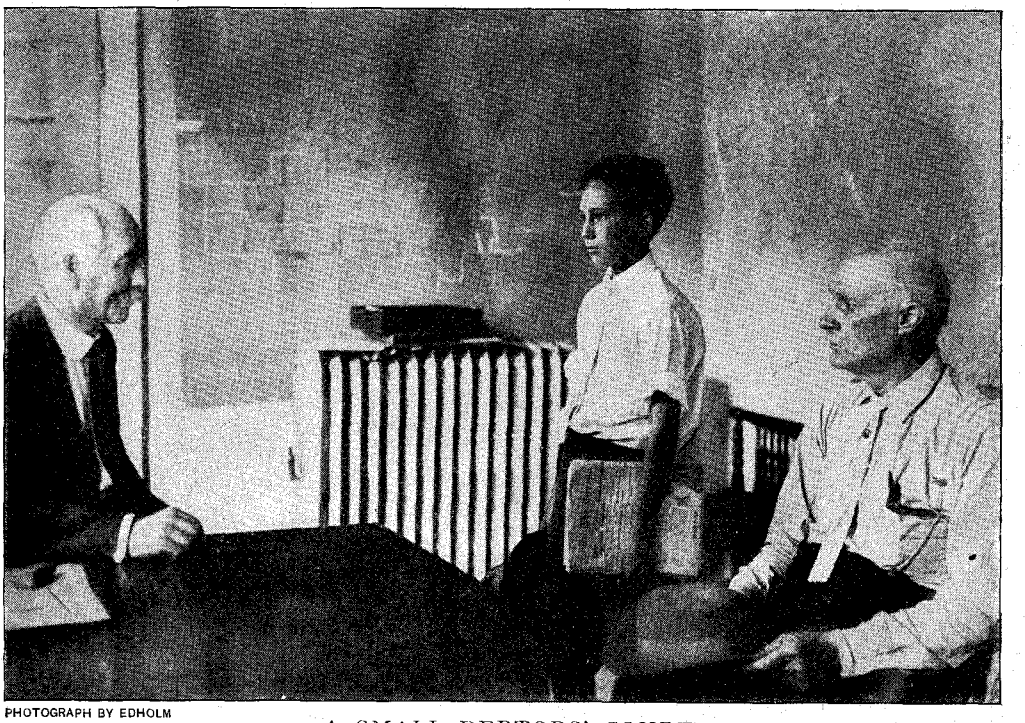
CHINESE YOUNG WOMEN SENT BY THEIR COUNTRY TO THE UNITED STATES TO BE EDUCATED

These are said to be the first women students to benefit by the Indemnity Fund which was remitted by the United States to China for damages in the Boxer Rebellion and which has since been used by China to send young men to this country to be educated. This action is significant of the new status of women in the Chinese Republic. The young women shown in the picture received the highest rank in a competitive examination in Peking. The photograph shows them as they were being entertained at tea on the roof of the Bible Teachers Training School in New York City



PHOTOGRAPH BY EDHOLM

A SMALL DEBTORS' COURT

The debtors are not necessarily of diminutive stature, as in this picture, but the debts are small ones and such as are usually abandoned because of the trouble of collecting them by law. The small sum is one which is often of great importance to the debtor, and hence such a court is a real necessity if justice is to be done. The photograph shows the Court at Topeka, Kansas; further particulars are given on our editorial pages

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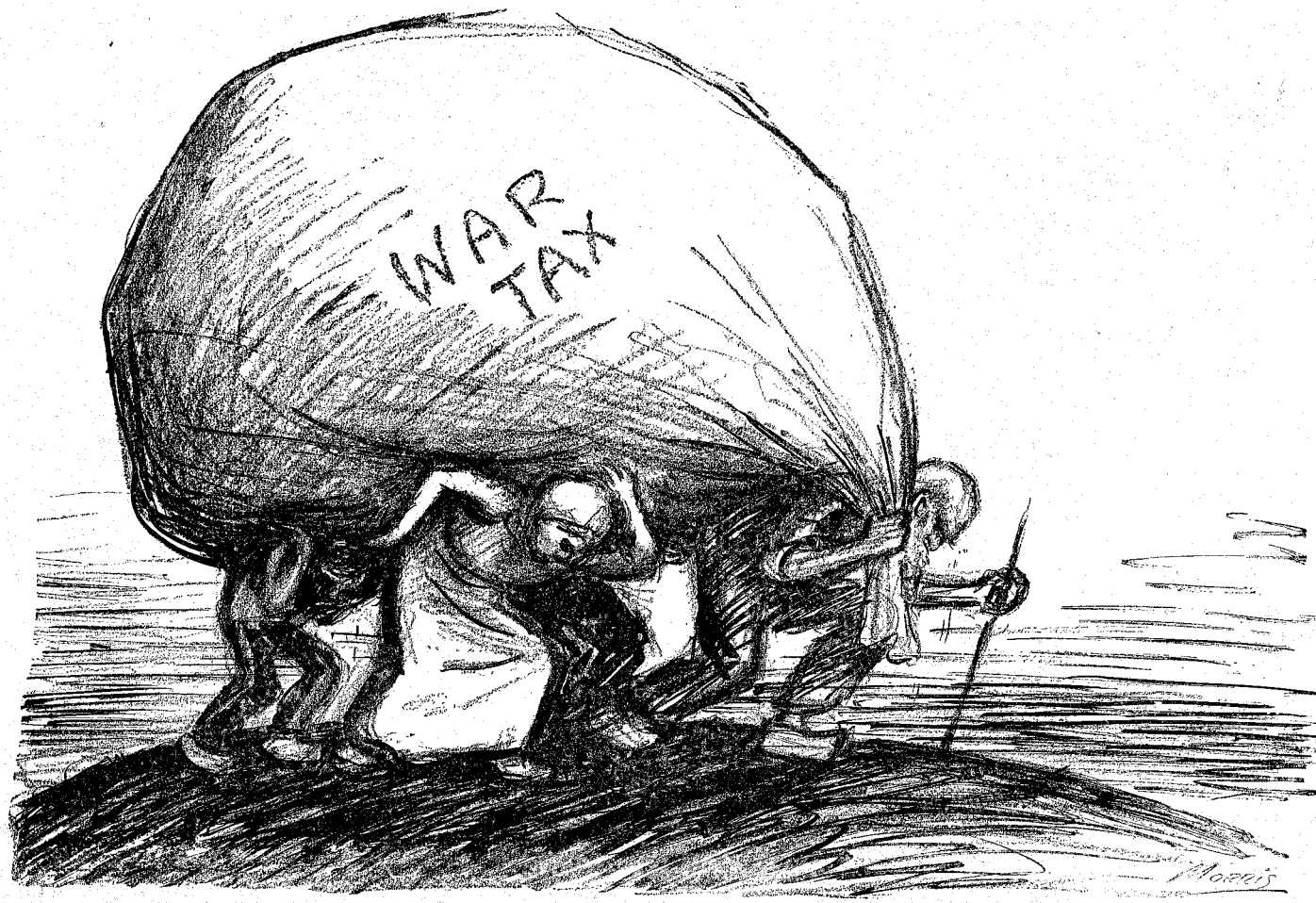

THE SURVIVORS

Drawn for The Outlook by W. C. Morris

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MODERN WARFARE

BY GEORGE KENNAN

SPECIAL CORRESPONDENT OF THE OUTLOOK IN CUBA DURING THE SPANISH WAR AND IN JAPAN DURING THE RUSSO-JAPANESE WAR

SECOND ARTICLE

PROJECTILES—BARBED WIRE—SIEGE METHODS—SANITATION—POSTAL SERVICE

THE successful management of the great armies of the present day involves—apart from strategy and tactics—clear and accurate foresight, careful attention to details, and many preliminary rehearsals. Failure to anticipate emergencies, neglect of apparently insignificant precautions, or omissions of antecedent practice may bring disaster upon a much smaller aggregation of men than a modern army. This has been shown many times in Arctic expeditions. One of Sir George Nares's sledging parties was disabled and wrecked merely because it had not foreseen the need of snow-shoes. Water had come up through cracks in the ice, and remained unfrozen under a protecting blanket of snow, although the temperature of the air was much below zero. The men's feet went through the snow into the water, and then froze when they were withdrawn. Snow-shoes would have kept them on the surface of the snow above the water.

Captain De Long's party starved to death in the Lena delta largely because it had brought rifles ashore from the sinking ship instead of shotguns. Arctic hares and ptarmigan—the only game to be found on the north Siberian coast in winter—are both snow-white, and it is almost impossible to discover them until they run or fly. Many were seen by De Long's men, including two hundred ptarmigan in a single covey, but they were almost invisible when at rest and very difficult to hit with a rifle when in motion. A single shotgun might possibly have saved the whole party.

In war, in which conditions and equipment are much more varied and complicated than in Arctic exploration, the need of foresight and attention to details is still greater. Our army was wrecked in Cuba chiefly because conditions had not been foreseen, and little provision had been made even for the most obvious and urgent needs. Proper landing facilities would have saved hundreds of men, and mosquito-nets and water-boilers would have saved hundreds more. By foresight and attention to details, moreover, the army might have been kept in a state of efficiency, as landing parties of marines from the navy were, under the same conditions and at the same time.

In the Japanese-Manchurian campaign nothing had been neglected, and almost every possible contingency had been foreseen. The Japanese had everywhere adequate transportation, as well as abundant supplies of all sorts, from concrete and steel turn-tables for siege guns and ship-loads of chains and timber for defensive booms, down to filters, mosquito-nets, microscopes, towels, soap, and salt for soldiers' tooth-brushes. They even had, in the field, portable lofts of trained carrier pigeons for the use of scouts and small reconnoitering parties on long trips. The only thing, so far as I know, that they did not anticipate was beriberi, which disabled tens of thousands of men; and the only things that they did not have were hand grenades, which they afterward improvised in the field out of old tin cans when they had learned from the Russians how useful such missiles were in trench fighting.

Order and system have always been characteristic of the Japanese, and in the rush and excitement of war they were even more noticeable than in the comparative leisure of peace. At Sasebo, when I visited that great military base in June, 1904, they were loading on transports more than three thousand tons of assorted supplies every day; and yet they were so little flustered or hurried that they found time to look up and bring off to our cruiser an upright grand piano, for which some of our Japanese passengers had happened to express a casual wish. In the thirty-two storehouses or other large buildings that I personally visited at Sasebo the supplies for the front were so admirably grouped and arranged that a transport officer would have had no difficulty in filling an order for three

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thousand tons of assorted stores in the middle of the night and without a lantern.

No less thought and attention were given by the Japanese to preliminary practice. When they had decided upon the best method of accomplishing a thing, they practiced it, and practiced it, and practiced it, until the doing of it had become second nature. There has always been at least a probability that we might have to send an army across seas; and yet, so far as I know, we have never practiced the embarkation and disembarkation of troops. That we needed such practice any one who saw the helter-skelter embarkation of General Shafter's army at Tampa will admit. The Japanese could put, and often did put, a whole division on board ship in the middle hours of a single night without the least hurry, excitement, or disorder. In every military field practice was second only to foresight.

In a thinly settled region in central Japan they had an extensive range, two miles or more wide and three or four miles long, for the training of field artillery. This range was gridironed with transverse trenches, and in the trenches were papier-maché figures of cavalry, infantry, or mere human heads which were attached to horizontal iron rods in such a way that by the turn of a crank they could be thrown up into sight. At a given signal a row of heads or a line of infantry would suddenly appear above ground at a distance of 500 yards, 2,000 yards, 3,000 yards, or some intermediate distance; and it was the duty of the practicing battery to go into action, estimate the range, cut the shrapnel fuses, and open fire in the shortest possible time. Frequently the dummies would be thrown up in three or four widely separated places, either simultaneously or in rapid succession, and the gunners were expected to hit them all. This practice, of course, gave them great quickness of vision and action.

Generally speaking, the Japanese accustomed their soldiers to do swiftly and accurately in time of peace everything that they would have to do in the rush and excitement of war. They even trained stokers for their battle-ships. At Sasebo I saw a line of seventy-five or a hundred half-naked men shoveling heaps of large pebbles into oven doors with as much dash and energy as if their lives depended upon the quick and accurate accomplishment of their task. They were kept at this practice day after day, until their muscles were like cords of steel wire.

It is not my purpose, in these or in any other illustrations of efficiency, to exalt the Japanese. Their methods were not all original, and most of them are doubtless in use in Europe. I refer to them only because the average reader may be interested in knowing how preparations for military combat are now made and how modern wars are conducted.

PROJECTILES

The projectiles used by modern armies are small-caliber rifle bullets; siege shells for heavy mortars; common shell, shrapnel, and solid shot (including the large bullets of machine guns) for field artillery; and hand grenades for use in close fighting. Shells are exploded either by percussion or fuse, and the bursting charge consists generally of lyddite, melinite, Shimose powder, or some other picric acid compound of great expansive force. The projectile that is most destructive to troops in the open (with the exception of machine-gun bullets) is the shrapnel shell, which has everywhere superseded the grape and canister of earlier days. By shrapnel fire exposed columns are sometimes almost annihilated. In one of the assaults that I witnessed on the Russian fort of Sungshushan, at Port Arthur, a Japanese storming party of two hundred and thirty men lost all but nineteen in a charge of three hundred yards, and probably four-fifths of the killed and wounded were hit by shrapnel bullets. It has been said that a forty per cent loss will stop almost any charging column; but a loss of eighty-two per cent did not stop the Japanese. Nineteen men reached the edge of the moat and would probably have entered the fort if they had not found that their light bamboo scaling-ladders—or rather truss bridges—were too short to reach the parapet. Even then six or eight of them, under shelter of a few sand-bags which they carried, went to work with intrenching tools and burrowed into the ground so far that they were safe. They were soon reinforced, were never afterward dislodged, and when I visited the spot, two weeks later, the comparatively shallow excavation had become a fairly spacious bomb-proof which opened into the moat and was held by fifty men with a machine gun. From this bomb-proof they dug a gallery under the moat and eventually blew up the parapet with dynamite.

Many readers doubtless think, as I thought before experience led me to investigate, that

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a shrapnel case, in exploding, scatters bullets in all directions. I supposed that a large number of them must necessarily go perpendicularly downward; and when I found myself, for the first time, in an open trench with shrapnel cases bursting overhead, I thought my chances of escape were few. But no shrapnel bullet ever goes straight downward. It is blown out of the front end of a tube, and follows the trajectory of the projectile as a whole. If you fire a loaded shotgun barrel out of a two-inch cannon, and then, by means of a time fuse, discharge the shotgun barrel in the air, the shot do not go straight downward, but are sprayed out, fanwise, ahead of the barrel, in what the experts call a "cone of dispersion." Shrapnel bullets are deadly to troops in the open, and especially troops massed in close order, but they are not so dangerous to men who are sheltered by even a low wall or the side of a trench. The Russians often threw shrapnel for half an hour over a trench in which there was a solid line of Japanese without hitting one of them. An enfilading fire along a trench may be deadly, but not a cross-fire.

The Japanese at Port Arthur used shrapnel when necessary, but they had also a projectile which I should describe as an unevenly tempered shell of steel. I do not know how it was made, and the words "unevenly tempered" express merely a conjecture of my own. The peculiarity of the shell was that it burst into three or four large fragments and an immense number of small ones. Its distinctive merits were that the large pieces had weight enough to smash through light covers or intrenchments, while the smaller fragments wounded a large number of men. I saw in hospital at Maizeru an officer from the Russian battle-ship Orel who had been struck by fourteen small pieces from a single Japanese shell. Not one of his wounds was dangerous to life, but the hemorrhage from them all put him out of action. I also saw on the captured Russian battle-ships steel walls and partitions which had been struck by fragments large enough to perforate, and also by myriads of splinters big enough to mar the paint, but not big enough even to make a dent. One such wall, ten feet by fifty or more, was so spotted by small splinters that there was hardly a hand's-breadth of unmarred surface. My conjecture was that the different parts of the projectile had been differently tempered, some being tough and coherent enough to hold together in large masses, while others were as brittle and explosive as a Prince Rupert's drop. If such a process be practicable, it may explain the effects. Certain it is that myriads of small splinters found their way through the narrow observation slits of the conning-towers on the Russian battle-ships, and in some of them killed or wounded almost every officer present. The last man left in the conning-tower of the Orel was a midshipman, and sixteen out of eighteen deck officers were put out of action.

The most intimidating and nerve-racking projectile used by modern armies is probably the common shell loaded with high explosive. The terrific concussion as it bursts, the whizzing scream of the fragments as they go off at all angles into the air, and the ghastly laceration and bloodshed when the ragged splinters strike human bodies are extremely trying to the nerves even of seasoned troops. The small-caliber rifle bullet is noiseless, and kills without much disfiguration or effusion of blood, so that it does not greatly shock the spectator; but the effects of a shell-burst in a mass of men are in every possible way terrifying. Shells, however, to an army as a whole are not nearly so destructive as the bullets from rifles, shrapnel cases, and machine guns. The ratio of shell wounds to bullet wounds in the Japanese army was one to eight in the north, and one to three at Port Arthur.

Prior to the Russo-Japanese War hand grenades had not been much used in modern warfare; but in trench fighting and the defense of forts they were found to be very effective, and at Port Arthur both sides made use of them, the Japanese throwing them by hand and also firing them from small bamboo mortars. They might possibly be used to advantage now in aerial fighting, but no airman, so far as I know, has yet tried them.

BARBED-WIRE ENTANGLEMENTS

A New York journal of recent date says that the Russian military authorities are trying to place in the United States an order for five thousand tons of barbed wire. They had every reason to be satisfied with the use made of this material at Port Arthur. Their entanglements there were of the most formidable character, and consisted, as a rule, of four parallel lines of three-strand fence, ten feet apart, with three more strands running back and forth in zigzags from line to line. Between these barriers quantities of wire had

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been thrown loose on the ground in big snarls to entangle the feet and legs. Getting through or over these obstacles, under heavy rifle and shrapnel fire, proved to be almost impossible. The Japanese first tried our method in Cuba, by equipping their storming parties with wire-cutting nippers. This scheme failed. The men were all killed or disabled before they got half-way through. Then they organized volunteer "sure death parties," and sent them, one after another, to clear the way before the assault began. This proved to be too costly in life. Next they tried equipping the storming party with mattresses which, when thrown on the barriers, enabled the troops to scramble over without getting caught in the barbs. This also was unsatisfactory, because the men got hopelessly tangled up in the loose snarls between the lines. Finally, when the slopes in front of the forts were covered with the bodies of their dead, they began sending up at night long lines of men with trailing ropes tied around their waists. When a Russian searchlight was turned on that part of the field the crawling men lay still, and could not be distinguished from the hundreds of other bodies that were still forever. When the beam moved on, they crawled a few yards upward. Moving in the intervals of darkness, they finally reached the fences, made the ropes fast to the posts, and wriggled back to shelter. A hundred men or more then hauled on the ropes and pulled a whole section of the barrier down into the front parallel. Thus an end was put at last to the terror of the barbed-wire entanglement. This form of obstacle has already been used by both Russians and Germans in the present war, and there is no doubt that in places where it can be adequately protected by rifle, shrapnel, or machine-gun fire it presents an almost insurmountable obstacle to cavalry or infantry, although it may be smashed by well-placed artillery.

SIEGE METHODS

In the siege methods of the Japanese and Russians at Port Arthur there were a number of modern innovations, as well as some revivals of past practices. Among the things that seemed to me new were telephones for the control of indirect artillery fire; defensive shields of steel for bomb-throwers; electric apparatus for the explosion of mines; air-pumps for forcing air into sapping tunnels; siege guns mounted on steel turn-tables set in concrete; timber and sand-bag bridges to protect trenches from an enfilading fire; and searchlights, magnesium rockets, and parachute torches for the illumination of fields of battle at night. Among the revival of old methods were the masking of trenches with cornstalks (in what had been a field of corn); the rolling of explosive barrels down into moats; and the use of suffocating gases to expel sappers from underground galleries. It is probable that the Japanese would also have tried, if the suggestion had come in time, an American plan which provided for the flooding and destruction of the Russian forts by streams of water thrown into them in accordance with the methods of hydraulic mining. Toward the end of October, when they had established themselves on the edges of the moats, they were near enough to do this with every chance of success.

The largest guns used by the Japanese at Port Arthur were 11-inch siege mortars, carrying a 500-pound shell loaded with Shimose powder. With these guns and projectiles they silenced the Russian forts and damaged them more or less, but they could not completely reduce them. In the uninjured caponieres and counterscarp casemates there were always men enough left to repel an assault, and the forts had finally to be destroyed by saps and mines. In the light of this experience it seems evident that the Germans must have brought against the forts of Liège and Namur much heavier guns than the Japanese had at Port Arthur; but, even so, it is hard to understand how the invaders in so short a time were able to make solid emplacements for such artillery. A 420-millimeter mortar, such as the Germans are said to have had, would be, of course, tremendously destructive; but it could not be accurately aimed without something stronger and better than an improvised emplacement. The heavy Russian naval guns mounted in the field at Port Arthur had no accuracy of fire, because their foundations were not sufficiently solid. The Japanese guns, although much smaller than those of the Germans, were mounted on heavy steel turn-tables set in eight feet of concrete, and the making of such emplacements requires more time than the Germans would seem to have had. But the present war may give us many surprises in the way of new or improved siege methods.

At Tsingtau, where siege operations must soon begin, the Japanese will have the full

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benefit of their experience in front of Port Arthur, because every detail of it was permanently recorded on the spot. No strain or emergency was allowed to interfere with careful note-taking. Every officer in every part of the trenches who had charge of any siege operations wrote in a daily journal a full account of his work and its results, with plans, measurements, drawings, suggestions, and details of every kind that might be useful in future study or instruction. I saw these records in three or four different places on the line of investment, and was told that they were being made everywhere. Even at the Panlungshan fort, in the middle of the Russian line, where the fighting was almost incessant, Major Sato, with one hand wrapped in a bloody bandage, got out for me carefully drawn plans and diagrams to show what the situation was there and what had happened. I refer to these records as another innovation in siege methods, as well as an additional illustration of Japanese foresight and thoroughness. Never before, I think, had such war chronicles been written in the storm and stress of almost continuous fighting.

SANITATION

In no field, perhaps, has the art of war changed more in the last half-century than in the field of sanitation. Fifty years ago, before it became known that the so-called infectious and contagious diseases are transmitted by flies, mosquitoes, and impure water, from four to ten soldiers died of sickness for every one that was killed in battle. Even as late as the Boer War in South Africa (1899–1902) the ratio of deaths from disease to deaths in action was more than seven to one. The first great modern army to adopt sanitary measures based on recent discoveries in medical science was the army of Japan in Manchuria.

I first had an opportunity to see the methods of the Japanese at Port Arthur, where a considerable part of General Nogi's army was closely massed in trenches and gulches or under the shelter of protecting bluffs. When large numbers of men are concentrated in limited areas, and particularly in excavations below the surface of the ground, it becomes extremely difficult to maintain cleanliness. In some of the Russian trenches that I visited filth and offensive odors were very noticeable even three or four weeks after they had been abandoned. The Japanese trenches, on the contrary, were as clean and free from smells as the streets of Tokyo. There were no open latrines, such as I had seen in our camps both in Florida and in Cuba, nor was there anywhere an accumulation of organic refuse or garbage. All offensive matter of that kind was instantly carried away and either buried or burned. In two months I did not see, at any one time, an amount that would have filled the crown of a hat. The result was that there were practically no flies to carry germs of disease, and consequently little typhoid or dysentery. In South Africa more than twelve per cent of the entire British force suffered from one or the other of those diseases; while in Manchuria the percentages were, respectively, about two per cent and one per cent. In General Oku's army of 75,000 men there were only one hundred and eighty-seven cases of typhoid and fifty-five of dysentery in seven months.

In the Santiago campaign in Cuba our army was practically wrecked by malarial and yellow fevers caused by the bites of infected mosquitoes. In the Manchurian campaign every Japanese soldier was furnished with gloves and a folding head-protector of fine netting on a wire frame, which he wore whenever he was exposed to that kind of danger. The result was the practical elimination of malaria as a cause of disease. In the war of 1895, in China, there were 42,000 cases of malarial fever among the Japanese troops; while in the war of 1904–5, in almost exactly the same field, there were only 1,200 cases, or about one-half of one per cent of the total number of sick.

In the armies of the last century contaminated water was often the cause of epidemics. In Cuba most of our soldiers were virtually forced to drink water from polluted streams, even when they knew it to be deadly. In Manchuria every well, river, and brook was tested by army surgeons before the soldiers were given access to it, and condemned water was either boiled in a portable plant carried for that purpose or withdrawn from use altogether.

As a result of these various precautions, the previous record of deaths from disease to deaths from bullet and shell was in the Japanese armies almost reversed. Instead of four disease deaths to one battle death, there were in Manchuria more than two battle deaths for every disease death. (According to official reports, 58,887 battle deaths to 27,156 disease deaths.)

The most serious blot on the sanitary record

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of the Japanese is their failure to anticipate and prevent the distinctively Oriental disease known as beriberi. This malady, which has been more or less prevalent in China and Japan for two thousand years, is a form of peripheral neuritis, or nerve degeneration. Its symptoms are œdema and partial paralysis, and its probable cause is an improperly balanced diet, particularly a diet in which there is too much polished rice and too little nitrogenous matter. Unhulled rice will not cause it, even in unlimited quantities, and our experiments in the Philippines have shown that bran will cure it. It may also be prevented or cured by the substitution of barley for a part of the rice. The surgeons of the Japanese navy knew this, and had practically eradicated the disease in their branch of the service by changing the component parts of the ration. No change, however, had been made in the army ration, and beriberi soon became epidemic from Port Arthur to Liao-yang. Hospital and other records indicate that the total number of cases among the Japanese troops in Manchuria, from the beginning to the end of the war, was about eighty thousand, or thirty-four per cent of the total number of sick. During the same period there were among the twenty-five thousand sailors of the fleet only two cases. The reasons for the failure of the army to follow the example of the navy by adopting a better-balanced ration are not certainly known. The most important of them probably were uncertainty and disagreement as to the cause of the disease. The Japanese troops had not suffered much from beriberi while in barracks at home, and the military authorities did not anticipate the extraordinary development and wide extension of the malady in the field. They changed their ration at last, but too late. In this case Japanese knowledge and foresight were at fault. A handful of barley in every ration would have saved them from eighty thousand cases of sickness—another illustration of the fact that in war an apparently trifling matter may have tremendous consequences.

FIELD POSTAL SERVICE

Nothing could have been better managed or more efficient than the Japanese postal service at Port Arthur. The mails were brought from the railway station every day by from fifty to sixty pack-horses, and in the bags were not only thousands of letters and newspapers, but countless small packages from fathers, mothers, sisters, and brothers in countless Japanese homes. The delivery service was perfectly organized, and the mails were distributed and taken by carriers into the maze of trenches under the Russian fire and handed to the soldiers wherever they might be. A retired army officer in the United States who knew that I had gone to Japan, but who did not know where I was, sent me a letter addressed simply: "George Kennan, with the Japanese Armies in the Field." That letter not only found me at Port Arthur, but was delivered to me in the trenches miles away from the little Manchurian house in which I lived.

In most modern armies an efficient postal service is regarded as desirable but not absolutely essential, and if there happens to be a strain on the transportation service the mail is the first thing to be sacrificed. The Japanese military authorities regarded the field postal service as an absolutely indispensable means of keeping up the morale and increasing the fighting power of the army. The talented French Academician Alfred Capus said recently in the "Figaro" (as quoted by Mr. Bullard in The Outlook) that "the one condition of national safety is an inexhaustible reserve of moral force. The army and its chiefs must feel back of them a country ready for all sacrifices, with souls undaunted and unwavering wills." Long before the distinguished Frenchman expressed this belief the Japanese had acted upon it, and the field postal service was the means by which they kept the soldiers constantly in touch with the affection, the sympathy, the ardent patriotism, and the deathless determination of the people. Every day there flowed into the shot-and-shell-torn trenches of Port Arthur a great tide of comfort, encouragement, and inspiration from the boundless ocean of national feeling. And among the currents of this great tide were streams of emotion even from the children and the schools. The Japanese Red Cross undertook to receive and forward letters to soldiers from children of all ages, and in hundreds of public schools books of pictures and letters were made up for circulation among the soldiers of particular regiments and batteries. The pictures, which were in water-colors, were all painted by the scholars, and the letters and "compositions" were all original. One of these books, which I brought back with me, lies before me now. It contains one hundred and thirty-eight pages, with

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sixty-nine pages of pictures, and is the work of scholars of all ages in half a dozen different grades. The subjects of the pictures were almost invariably suggested by patriotic feeling. Among them are flags, colored lanterns, dragon-flies (evidently symbolical of something), "A New Year's Mountain View" (with the legend in English), battle-ships, cannon, maps of the scene of war, assaults on forts (as the children imagined them), pictures of the children themselves waving flags and guns, a Japanese cavalryman riding his horse furiously over a map of Manchuria and striking at it with his saber, a red-haired, red-bearded Russian soldier running away with a white flag in one hand and a Red Cross flag in the other, and, finally, a traditional Japanese trumpeter (well known to the children of Nippon) who is blowing a stream of his own life-blood through his trumpet as he sounds his last rallying call in the agonies of death.

Did it pay, from a military point of view, to send these hundreds of books and hundreds of thousands of letters from schools and homes to the troops at Port Arthur? Emphatically, yes! Through them the soldiers in the trenches were kept in touch with the great throbbing heart of the nation. Every letter enabled some soldier to visualize the country, the family, and the little home for whose existence and future safety he was fighting, and every picture showed him that he would fall beneath the contempt even of children if he did not fight desperately to the last. What was the result? A Japanese captain would assemble his company and say to them:

"I want volunteers for a 'sure death party' to cut barbed-wire entanglements. Every man who goes must expect to die. It will be his duty to cut wire until he does die. Don't imagine that any of you are ever coming back. The enemy doesn't let us pick up our wounded, and nobody will come back. But through the opening that you will make in those fences before you die your comrades will storm the fort. Who will go?"

The whole company would volunteer.

THE HISTORICAL ROOTS OF THE WAR

III—THE HAPSBURGS

BY ALBERT BUSHNELL HART

PROFESSOR OF GOVERNMENT AT HARVARD UNIVERSITY

THE Early Hapsburgs. Like the Hohenzollerns, the Hapsburgs sprang from obscure border counts who built their eagles' nests of castles. partly to protect their villages and partly as a point of departure for certain speculations on the wealth of merchants who happened to pass by. Parts of the Hapsburg castle, built in 1020, still stand near Aarau, in northern Switzerland. They first wrote their names on the tablets of memorable history when Rudolph, Count of Hapsburg and Kyburg, was chosen in 1273 to be "German King."

The Holy Roman Empire was centuries older than the Hapsburgs, and there was room for a new line only because elder imperial houses had been killed out. That wondrous structure, which Voltaire forever pilloried in his famous snarl that it was "neither Holy, Roman, nor an Empire," represented to mediæval Europe all that was left of the power and traditions of the Empire of Augustus and Hadrian. It was a piece of solid Roman masonry which could be made the foundation for a mighty structure. On the other hand, it stood for a very ancient Teutonic notion that a man became king because the leaders of the people chose him; and the Emperor was therefore elected by a board, which, by the so-called Golden Bull of 1356, came down to seven persons, commonly called Electors.

Naturally they sought a prince who could bring wealth, friends, and soldiers to the Empire. That was why Rudolph came to his dignity; he was already powerful, and at the critical moment his cousin, Frederick of Hohenzollern, founder of the imperial line of modern Germany, threw his influence in his favor. He showed himself a real King;

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he marched to Vienna and began to build up a personal and royal power which, with an interruption of about a century, kept the Empire in the Hapsburg family more than six hundred years. His son Albert, the prince to whom the Italian Dante appealed in the "Divine Comedy" with—

"O German Albert! who abandonest
Her that has grown recalcitrant and savage,
And oughtest to bestride her saddle-bow,
May a just judgment from the stars down fall
Upon thy blood"—

was assassinated after a short reign, an omen for later days of tribulation.

Another of the marks of Hapsburg distinction is that they were the original lords of the Swiss cantons, which took up the novel and unpopular doctrine that they could govern themselves better than anybody could govern them; and at the battle of Morgarten, in 1315, the rude mountaineer footmen destroyed an army commanded by the Emperor's brother. Thus was established the possibility that infantry could be so organized as to defeat the mailed cavalry which for a thousand years had controlled Europe.

The Hapsburgs in Austria. Partly because the Hapsburgs inherited Bohemia and Hungary, partly because the Emperor and the Empire had the duty of defending the eastern frontier, the Hapsburgs settled down permanently in the eastern lands, and were pushed to the front in wars with Poland and with the Turks. Austria is only the English form of Österreich, the eastern realm, but the Duke of Austria was also King of Bohemia and lord of many other lands. He came also to be regularly elected Emperor, with the legal right to exercise some dominion over an area which at one time included northern Switzerland, eastern France, and the Low Countries. Hence the wealth and power of the Hapsburgs for a long time put them to the forefront among European potentates.

The Low Countries indirectly brought the Hapsburgs into contact with Spain and even America. Maximilian, who became Emperor in 1519, married Mary of Burgundy, heiress of the Low Countries. Their son married the daughter of Ferdinand and Isabella, and from that union came Emperor Charles V, who was also King of Spain and thus of the Spanish colonies, and holder of great possessions in Germany. Through this line came "the Burgundian jaw," that vigorous projection which has reappeared from generation to generation of the Hapsburg stock, and may be seen to-day in King Alfonso of Spain.

The Hapsburgs in the Reformation. The Hapsburg house was deeply affected by the Protestant Reformation, one of the most dramatic moments in which was the appearance of Martin Luther before the Hapsburg sovereign, Charles V, at the Diet of Worms in 1521. We hardly realize now that some of the most intensely Roman Catholic countries in Europe were at one time so infused with Protestantism that the Archduke of Austria declared that he was the only Catholic in his dominions. The stronger branch of the Hapsburgs was represented by Philip II of Spain. To the weaker branch went the Hapsburg territories and the imperial crown, but none of the American colonies which the Germans could have peopled to such advantage. So it chanced that to Maximilian II, Rudolph II, and Ferdinand I, not otherwise notable, fell the task of restoring and defending the ancient religion in their own dominions and elsewhere in Germany.

This brought about the awful Thirty Years' War—1618 to 1648—in which southern armies headed by Tilly and Wallenstein ravaged upper Germany as far as the Baltic. It was a Hapsburg general who confronted and finally killed the Protestant King, Gustavus Adolphus of Sweden, who had come to aid the Protestants. At the end of the war Austria and Bohemia were found to be restored to the old faith, but the prestige and authority of the Emperor, outside his Austrian and other personal dominions, was forever gone. From time to time during the next century and a half the Emperor called for troops to fight the Moslems, but it was a favorite joke of the time that they always arrived on the scene of hostilities just when the war was over.

Maria Theresa and her Clan. After the withdrawal of Charles V in 1656 there was no great Hapsburg sovereign till Maria Theresa in 1740. She could be and was Archduchess of Austria and Queen of Hungary; but no woman could be elected Empress. Nevertheless, since the Austrians carried the imperial crown in their pockets, they bestowed it upon Francis of Tuscany, consort of Maria Theresa.

Many of the Hapsburgs were enlightened men, especially Joseph, the son of Maria Theresa, who strove to break up the power and prestige of the nobles and of the Church. He was one of several Austrian sovereigns

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who learned that they might issue decrees and reform their kingdoms, but could not overcome the negative resistance of unwilling subjects. Yet Joseph's toleration of other religions than the State Church, and his ban against serfdom, put him among the great enlightening forces of his time.

Francis II was Emperor at the unlucky moment when Napoleon Bonaparte, who was beginning where the Hapsburgs began five hundred years before, declared himself Emperor of the French. Europe was not broad enough for one Emperor who could rule and another who could only issue proclamations. Francis in 1806 voluntarily ceased to be head of the Holy Roman Empire, part of which was already under Napoleon's government, and declared himself Emperor of Austria.

The Turks. The greatest service which the Hapsburgs rendered to mankind was their turning back the tide of Turkish invasion. It was about 1300 when the Turks began to cross over into Europe, and from that time for four hundred years their movement was usually farther and farther westward toward the centers of western civilization. They destroyed the Bulgarian and Servian empires; they took the Greek islands; they fought with Charles V; they completely overran Hungary; but in 1683 they received a check under the walls of Vienna. The Austrians, under their Hapsburg sovereign, were fighting for Christendom; and Christian Germans and Poles came to their aid. From that time the Turkish tide slowly ebbed backward till about a century ago the Turks disappeared from Hungary and other Austrian lands.

Slavs and Magyars. France, Prussia, Spain, were each inhabited almost entirely by people of a single language, race, and religion. Hence it was easy for great sovereigns like Henry IV of France or Frederick the Great of Prussia to improve the governments of their countries, and to take steps for the betterment of the material and moral conditions of life. The Hapsburgs had the terribly hard task of ruling over too many races, tongues, and religious beliefs; and the best that they were able to do was to make a mosaic where other royal houses made a picture. A difficulty which grew ever more serious was that, though the Hapsburgs were Germans, their capital, Vienna, was a German city, and the Archduchy of Austria and some parts of the eastern Alps were inhabited by Germans, yet the rest of the Austrian domains were not German, and in the end refused to be German. The Brandenburg Electors had to fight first the heathen Prussians and then the Catholic Poles; but they had complete ascendency over the Slav elements in what came to be the strong Kingdom of Prussia. The Hapsburgs, as champions of Germanism, had to contend within their own dominions with six or eight different Slav peoples, and still more with the Magyars, who were neither Germans nor Slavs. Being Germans, they undertook to plant German universities—for instance, in Prague, the capital of Bohemia, in 1348. German was the court language; almost none but Germans were given a share in the decision of public questions. Hungarian and Slav nobles were called up to Vienna and made to speak German, to wear German clothes, to think German. In some Slav provinces the native language became almost a peasants' dialect. However, since there was no system of public education and few schools of any kind, more than half the population hardly knew a word of German except the commands in military service.

Popular Government. The example of popular government in the United States of America had a great effect in Europe. It was taken up in a crude fashion by the French Revolution. It was the object of a great reform movement in England, culminating in the Reform Bill of 1830. It cropped up after the French wars in such enlightened little states of Germany as Saxe-Weimar. It was in the air throughout Europe. Nevertheless, to the Hapsburg mind it seemed impossible to give non-Germans a share in the conduct of public affairs, and it seemed equally impossible to take even the German-speaking population into the real government. The Hapsburgs were aghast at the idea of self-government, partly because of the trouble of governing their own territories, partly from an ingrowing idea that what was good for the eighteenth century was exactly right for the nineteenth, partly from the honest belief that absolute government (tempered by the over-ruling power of a small governing class) was the best thing for mankind.

Therefore, through most of the nineteenth century the Austrian régime was the most antiquated and exasperating institution in Europe. Metternich, Minister of State for many years, furnished most of the political doctrines for his country; and his scheme of

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action was the truly Turkish conception of stopping discussion of popular government by putting the discussers out of the way. Hence, under Austrian influence two or three people who raised their voices in favor of moderate government in some of the small German states were executed. The Austrians sent an army in 1820 to overthrow a revolution in Naples. With the approval of Austria a French army disposed of a similar revolution in Spain in 1823.

The Hapsburgs sympathized with, if they did not suggest, the proposition to send a French fleet over to restore the authority of Spain in the revolted colonies of North and South America, a suggestion which drew down upon the world the famous Monroe Doctrine of 1823. In Austria and outside, every effort was made by the Hapsburgs to stop the clock of time at what they considered noon. A reorganization of Germany into the so-called German Confederation of 1815 left Austria at the head of all Germany, including Prussia; and its influence was always against the development of freedom and responsibility in any German state.

Francis Joseph. The long reign of Francis II, who was the nephew of Queen Marie Antoinette, came to an end in 1835; and in 1848 the Empire narrowly escaped a complete breakdown. The political clock suddenly began to sound a series of alarms. Berlin, Paris, Vienna, were all taken by their own citizens out of the hands of the royal armies. Ferdinand II, who was at the moment Emperor, abdicated, and young Francis Joseph, then only eighteen years old, was in a rather irregular and hurried manner declared to be Emperor. His reign began in a bitter civil war between Austria and Hungary, in which the Russians took part on the Austrian side. Slowly the old Empire was reconstituted.

Francis Joseph was the only Hapsburg since Maria Theresa who really touched the popular heart. He was a true conservative, deeply influenced by the Church, the army, and the nobles; he was a German throughout; but he sincerely loved and believed in his country. The Hungarians came to accept him (with mental reservations) as their full King. The Emperor genuinely sought to understand the wishes of his people of whatever race; but it was hard to deal with such a mediæval spirit as was shown by the Assembly of the Tyrol as late as 1885, when it formally protested against the erection of a Protestant church at Meran, on the ground that theirs was a Catholic country.

Austrian Defeats. One of the results of the Napoleonic wars was that Lombardy and Venice were turned over to the Austrians, who governed them in a way which has left fierce hatreds in the minds of millions of northern Italians. The crisis for the Austrians came in 1859 when a French army marched in as an ally of the little country of Sardinia, and the Austrian Empire at last began to crumble. It lost Lombardy then, and in 1866 lost Venice. In the war with Prussia of that year still more was lost, for though the Prussians did not take an acre of Austrian territory, they crowded Austria out of all influence in Germany.

This defeat was the happiest thing that happened to Austria for many years, for it compelled the Germans to come to an understanding with the Hungarians which would prevent the danger of civil war between the two halves of the Empire; they continued a dual monarchy, each half of which had its own Parliament with "delegations" from both sides for common purposes. Then Francis Joseph and his counselors set about strengthening their country. Metternich would have turned over in his grave to know of the general system of public schools and the modernization of the army. No mountain country in the world has such a network of railways as was provided for the Austrian Alps. The navigation of the Danube was improved; Vienna was rebuilt into one of the most magnificent cities of all time. Manufactures and commerce grew until Austria-Hungary was a prosperous modern country.

Crisis for the Hapsburgs. As Emperor Francis Joseph has grown old he has plainly desired that he might never again have to go through the agony of a national war. A desire for peace has been manifest in the attitude of Austria towards the gigantic Balkan question. In 1878 the Austrian army lay still and allowed the Russians to march within sight of Constantinople, receiving for their reward the Turkish provinces of Bosnia and Herzegovina. It has turned out to be a dear bargain. In 1912–13, while the Balkan powers were at war, the Austrians again lay passive upon their borders, though a strong party thought the time had come for war. In 1914 the war party could no longer be held in. A mysterious death years ago and an assassination removed two heirs of the Hapsburg throne.

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In spite of all the efforts of a long lifetime, the Emperor was obliged to see his country in danger of a fearful break-up from internal struggles, or from outward enemies, or from both. Six hundred and forty-one years have passed since first a Hapsburg became an Emperor, but the Hapsburgs have lived on the theory of holding fast to what has been. They have attempted the impossible task of governing fifty millions of people through the decisions of an aristocratic fraction out of the twelve million Germans, supplemented by a smaller fraction out of ten million Magyars. He would be a bold prophet who would guarantee six years more to that mighty and honorable imperial line. For the Germans in the Hapsburg Empire there is always a refuge in the German Empire, but can they carry with them into their haven the Bohemians, or Alpine Slavs, or Poles, to say nothing of the Hungarians? Nothing is more certain than that the Hapsburg power, system, influence, and dynasty are in fearful danger of extinction.

HOW TO TELL THE PROPHETS

BY WILLIAM E. BARTON

WE have books on "How to Tell the Wild Flowers" and books on "How to Tell the Birds," and some one has written a book almost as useful and quite as funny as either, on "How to Tell the Birds from the Flowers." There is a way to tell them apart, and for a small sum you can learn it. There are certain accepted tests of certain forms of dealing and conduct. If your merchant's yardstick is under suspicion, there is somewhere an official yardstick with which it can be compared. There is somewhere (and would he were more nearly ubiquitous!) a man who can tell the coal dealer how many pounds make a ton. If your watch does not keep good time, there is somewhere an official register of time, at Washington or Greenwich or somewhere. If the soil of your garden is not as productive as you think it ought to be, the State chemist will tell you for the asking what you ought to add to it in the way of chemical fertilization.

But who can help us to tell the true prophets from those who are not true? Job complained that it was easier to get information about anything else than truth, and that was some time ago. How can one find out which are the true prophets?

As for the Old Testament prophets, the decision has been made for us. There they are, in the back end of the Old Testament, selected beyond our hope or fear of change. But how can we know who are true prophets now, and how did any one discover then who were true and who were false prophets?

It is a question of some historical interest, but that is not our present concern. We should like to find, if we can, how to tell the prophets!

It is rather appalling to discover that in Old Testament times the number of prophets whose testimony has stood the tests of time were rather small in proportion to the whole number of that company. Naturally only a few of the prophets preserved their writings to posterity. It does not follow that all the rest were false prophets. Elijah and Elisha committed nothing to writing, but they are immortal, nevertheless. Moses who wrote and Elijah who did not write stood together beside the glorified Jesus in his transfiguration.

The number of prophets was large. We have four whom we call major and twelve whom we call minor prophets. The distinction refers wholly to the length of their respective books; it has nothing to do either with their chronological sequence or spiritual importance. These sixteen, more or less, were, as we know, a small part of the number of men who spoke in the name of Jehovah and were called prophets.

What about the others? Were they good men or bad? They were not necessarily bad because they wrote nothing, or because what they wrote was not preserved. If a man were to visit a library in Europe about a century from now and find a volume of sermons by Henry Ward Beecher and one by T. De Witt Talmage and one by Phillips Brooks, it would not be safe to infer that these were the only three American preachers of the

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nineteenth century who spoke wisely or truly. The reasons why these three emerged might all be good reasons, but reasons which cast no reflection upon the great body of preachers, many thousands in number, whose sermons were unknown in Berlin a hundred years after they were dead.

Let us hope and believe that the great body of those men who spoke for God in the days of the Hebrews believed themselves to have been speaking truthfully. Let us believe that in the ordinary situations in which men came to them for spiritual help (and they covered a very wide range, as any one may discover who will read his Bible), these prophets did their duty according to their lights, and brought spiritual help to their people. We need not despise them for locating lost live stock—Samuel did that; nor suppose that their people were hopelessly insincere or mercenary because they used their religion in commonplace situations. Let us not condemn the unknown prophets because their sermons were not preserved to posterity. Few of us preachers will be able to meet that test. If they served their own day and generation, they did well.

"To serve the present age,
My calling to fulfill;
Oh, may it all my powers engage
To do my Master's will!"

But there were false prophets. When we find a true prophet standing with his back to the wall, contending for truth against tradition, we find a dozen false prophets opposing him. It is rather disconcerting to have these men emerge from the shadow just to discover how large was their apparent majority.

The majority may be more apparent than real. There may have been many of these men who were capable of helping their people in ordinary experiences who were quite unequal to the tempestuous situations in which Isaiah and Jeremiah and Ezekiel and Hosea and Amos were placed. Let us be as charitable as we may.

Still there were "false prophets." That is to say, there were men who were believed to be prophets of Jehovah, and who had earned a reputation that gave them standing as such among the people, who in the hour of crisis did not merely break down under the weight which the few we call true prophets sustained, but who were found opposing that which we now see plainly to have been truth. Let us not concern ourselves with the question of their sincerity; to their own Master they have long since rendered account. Let us believe if we can, and for myself I do, that most of them had a measure of sincerity; that the conscious frauds among them were few. But that is not the question.

Here is the question that is worth while for us to answer: How could the people of that time know who were the true prophets?

There is a ready answer, and that is this: "The true prophets wrought miracles to attest their message."

Did they?

What miracles did Jeremiah work?

Please give us a list of the miracles of Isaiah.

What do you recall of the miracles of Ezekiel?

Elijah and Elisha wrought a few miracles each, but not to attest any message which they wrote for us, for they wrote nothing, so far as we know. Their miracles had other uses. Hosea, Joel, Amos, Micah, and so on to Malachi, wrought no miracles, or if they wrought any it was not to attest the truth of their message. They stood with their naked message appealing to the naked conscience of their hearers.

"Believe and venture; as for pledges,
The gods give none."

But what about Jonah?

Do you recall any miracle wrought by Jonah? Jonah did not transport his whale by express into Nineveh, and give exhibitions twice a day. Whatever that experience meant, it meant to him. It had no meaning to the Ninevites. In his recorded sermon in Nineveh he made no mention of it. He preached straight to the conscience. Jesus did not condemn the men of his generation in advance for the fact that he foreknew that they would not believe that he was to rise from the dead. He blamed them because they did not repent at his word, as Nineveh repented at the unattested preaching of Jonah.

How about Moses at the Court of Pharaoh? The magicians did the same with their enchantments; and Daniel at the Court of Babylon had to meet the astrologers on their own ground. A few times in history God has done that—met the hosts of necromancy on their own level. But for the most part the cry of the prophet is against those who go to wizards that peep and mutter, and a call to the law and the testimony. "If they will

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not heed these," cries the prophet Isaiah, "they are those for whom there is no dawn."

The supernatural was the last refuge of every charlatan and fraud. The true prophets, for the most part, did not meddle with it. They cried "Thus saith the Lord" by reason of the faith that gave substance to the things hoped for, and brought its own evidence of things unseen.

No, that is too cheap and easy an answer.

But, then, are we not to test their reliability by the certainty with which their predictions came through?

They dealt very little in predictions. Prediction was a very minor part of their work. We have strained a few predictions out of focus, and thereby have lost the real content of their message.

Still there were some predictions. And the predictions of the true prophets were justified in the sequel. But very often the predictions of the false prophets came true. Moses, who himself had occasion to compete with false prophets, gave directions concerning the futility of this test:

> If there arise in the midst of thee a prophet, or a dreamer of dreams, and he give thee a sign or a wonder, and the sign or the wonder come to pass, whereof he spake unto thee, saying, Let us go after other gods, which thou hast not known, and let us serve them; thou shalt not hearken unto the words of that prophet, or unto that dreamer of dreams: for Jehovah your God proveth you, to know whether ye love Jehovah your God with all your heart and with all your soul. Ye shall walk after Jehovah your God, and fear him, and keep his commandments, and obey his voice, and ye shall serve him, and cleave unto him.—Deut. xiii. 1–4.

There was only one way to test the prophet's message, and that was by its righteousness and truth.

Every other test breaks down.

There is no way to measure length save by something that has length, or weight save by something that has weight. One may not measure yards of silk with a pound weight, nor weigh coal with a yardstick. Value must be measured by that which has value, and truth must be tested with truth, comparing spiritual things with spiritual, and comparing them spiritually. That is the only test.

That being true, and there being no cheap and easy way of testing truth, I wonder whether, if we had been living in Jeremiah's day, we should have believed him or the false prophets, who preached so much more attractive sermons, and sermons apparently based on the precedents and predictions of Isaiah.

To be sure, those were wrong who thought the false prophets the true disciples of Isaiah. Jeremiah was such a disciple, though his message was in some respects directly contrary to that of Isaiah, and both were true.

The bother of all this is that it disposes of all cheap and easy tests of truth, and puts us under a heavy burden. God could have saved us a lot of trouble by providing us with a gauge and a chopper by which to test prophetic utterances. He has given us no test of truth but truth itself; no way to measure righteousness save by righteousness.

This being so, I wonder whether, if we had been living in Jeremiah's day, we should have stood with him or with the men whom now we call the false prophets.

I also wonder several other things.

I wonder if this is not what Jesus had in mind when he said that it was a regular habit of humanity to despise present truth and build sepulchers for the prophets whom our own fathers have slain, while we go straight on furnishing our own children employment for the marble-cutter.

Really, this view of the matter is very disconcerting, and I think we had better stop before we get into unpleasant discussions.

Don't you?

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FIGHT[1]

BY PERCY MacKAYE

THE TALE OF A GUNNER AT PLATTSBURGH, 1814[2]

I

JOCK bit his mittens off and blew his thumbs;
He scraped the fresh sleet from the frozen sign:
MEN WANTED—VOLUNTEERS. Like gusts of brine
He whiffed deliriums
Of sound—the droning roar of rolling, rolling drums
And shrilling fifes, like needles in his spine,
And drank, blood-bright from sunrise and wild shore,
The wine of war.

With ears and eyes he drank and dizzy brain
Till all the snow danced red. The little shacks
That lined the road of muffled hackmatacks
Were roofed with the red stain,
Which spread in reeling rings on icy-blue Champlain
And splotched the sky like daubs of sealing-wax,
That darkened when he winked, and when he stared
Caught fire and flared.

MEN WANTED—VOLUNTEERS! The village street,
Topped by the slouching store and slim flagpole,
Loomed grand as Rome to his expanding soul;
Grandly the rhythmic beat
Of feet in file and flags and fifes and filing feet,
The roar of brass and unremitting roll
Of drums and drums bewitched his boyish mood—
Till he hallooed.

His strident echo stung the lake's wild dawn
And startled him from dreams. Jock rammed his cap
And rubbed a numb ear with the furry flap,
Then bolted like a faun,
Bounding through shin-deep sleigh-ruts in his shaggy brawn,
Blowing white frost-wreaths from red mouth agap
Till, in a gabled porch beyond the store,
He burst the door.

"Mother!" he panted. "Hush! Your pa ain't up;
He's worser since this storm. What's struck ye so?"
"It's volunteers!" The old dame stammered "Oh!"
And stopped, and stirred her sup
Of morning tea, and stared down in the trembling cup.
"They 're musterin' on the common now."
"I know,"
She nodded feebly; then with sharp surmise
She raised her eyes:

She raised her eyes, and poured their light on him
Who towered glowing there—bright lips apart,
Cap off, and brown hair tousled. With quick smart
She felt the room turn dim
And seemed she heard, far off, a sound of cherubim
Soothing the sudden pain about her heart.
How many a lonely hour of after-woe
She saw him so!

"Jock!" And once more the white lips murmured "Jock!"
Her fingers slipped; the spilling teacup fell
And shattered, tinkling—but broke not the spell.
His heart began to knock,
Jangling the hollow rhythm of the ticking clock.
"Mother, it's fight, and men are wanted!"
"Well,

[1] Copyright, 1914, by Percy MacKaye. See editorial entitled "A Prophetic Commemoration" on another page of this issue.

[2] In the naval battle of Plattsburgh the American commander "Macdonough himself worked like a common sailor, in pointing and handling a favorite gun. While bending over to sight it, a round shot cut in two the spanker boom, which fell on his head and struck him senseless for two or three minutes; he then leaped to his feet and continued as before, when a shot took off the head of the captain of the gun crew and drove it in his face with such force as to knock him to the other side of the deck."—From "*The Naval War of 1812*," *by Theodore Roosevelt.*

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Ah, well, it's men may kill us women's joys,
It's men—not boys !"

" I'm seventeen ! I guess that seventeen—"
" My little Jock !" " Little ! I'm six-foot-one.
(Scorn twitched his lip.) You saw me, how I skun
The town last Halloween
At wrastlin'." (Now the mother shifted tack.)
" But Jean ?
You won't be leavin' *Jean ?*" " I guess a gun
Won't rattle *her.*" He laughed, and turned his head.
His face grew red.

" But if it doos—a gal don't understand :
It's fight !" " Jock, boy, your pa can't last much more,
And who's to mind the stock—to milk and chore ?"
Jock frowned and gnawed his hand.
" Mother, it's *men* must mind the stock—our own born land,
And lick the invaders." Slowly in the door
Stubbed the old, worn-out man. " Woman, let be !
It's liberty :

" It's struck him like fork-lightnin' in a pine.
I felt it, too, like that in seventy-six ;
And now, if 'twa'n't for creepin' pains and cricks
And this one leg o' mine,
I'd holler young Jerusalem like him, and jine
The fight ; but fight don't come from burnt-out wicks ;
It comes from fire." " Mebbe," she said, " it comes
From fifes and drums."

" Dad, all the boys are down from the back hills.
The common's cacklin' like hell's cocks and hens ;
There's swords and muskets stacked in the cow-pens
And knapsacks in the mills ;
They say at Isle aux Noix Redcoats are holding drills,
And we're to build a big fleet at Vergennes.
Dad, can't I go ?" " I reckon you're a man :
Of course you can.

" I'll do the chores to home, you do 'em *thar !*"
" Dad !" " Lad !" The men gripped hands and gazed upon
The mother, when the door flew wide. There shone
A young face like a star,
A gleam of bitter-sweet 'gainst snowy islands far,
A freshness, like the scent of cinnamon,
Tingeing the air with ardor and bright sheen.
Jock faltered : " Jean !"

" Jock, don't you hear the drums ? I dreamed all night
I heard 'em, and they woke me in black dark.
Quick, ain't you comin' ? Can't you hear 'em ? Hark !
The men-folks are to fight.
I wish I was a man !" Jock felt his throat clutch tight.
" Men-folks !" It lit his spirit like a spark
Flashing the pent gunpowder of his pride.
" Come on !" he cried.

" Here—wait !" The old man stumped to the back wall
And handed down his musket. " You'll want this ;
And mind what game you're after, and don't miss.
Good-by ; I guess that's all
For now. Come back and get your duds." Jock, looming tall
Beside his glowing sweetheart, stooped to kiss
The little shrunken mother. Tiptoe she rose
And clutched him—close.

In both her twisted hands she held his head
Clutched in the wild remembrance of dim years—
A baby head, suckling, half dewed with tears ;
A tired boy abed
By candlelight ; a laughing face beside the red
Log-fire ; a shock of curls beneath her shears,
The bright hair falling. Ah, she tried to smother
Her wild thoughts.—" Mother !

" Mother !" he stuttered. " Baby Jock !" she moaned
And looked far in his eyes.—And he was gone.
The porch door banged. Out in the blood-bright dawn
All that she once had owned—
Her heart's proud empire—passed, her life's dream sank unthroned.
With hands still reached, she stood there staring, wan.

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"Hark, woman!" said the bowed old man.
"What's tolling?"
Drums—drums were rolling.

II

Shy wings flashed in the orchard, *glitter, glitter;*
Blue wings bloomed soft through blossom-colored leaves,
And *Phœbe! Phœbe!* whistled from gray eaves
Through water-shine and twitter
And spurt of flamy green. All bane of earth and bitter
Took life and tasted sweet at the glad reprieves
Of spring, save only in an old dame's heart
That grieved apart.

Crook-back and small, she poled the big well-sweep:
Creak went the pole; the bucket came up brimming.
On the bright water lay a cricket swimming
Whose brown legs tried to leap
But, draggling, twitched and foundered in the circling deep.
The old dame gasped; her thin hand snatched him, skimming.
"Dear Lord, he's drowned," she mumbled with dry lips;
"The ships! the ships!"

Gently she laid him in the sun and dried
The little dripping body. Suddenly
Rose-red gleamed through the budding apple tree
And "Look! a letter!" cried
A laughing voice; "and lots of news for us inside!"
"How's that, Jean? News from Jock! Where—where is he?"
"Down in Vergennes—the ship-yards."
"Ships! Ah, no!
It can't be so."

"He's goin' to fight with guns and be a tar.
See here: he's wrote himself. The post was late.
He couldn't write before. The ship is great!
She's built, from keel to spar,
And called *the Saratoga;* and Jock's got a scar
Already—" "Scar?" the mother quavered.
"Wait,"
Jean rippled, "let me read." "Quick, then, my dear,
He'll want to hear—

"Jock's pa; I guess we'll find him in the yard.
He ain't scarce creepin' round these days, poor Dan!"
She gripped Jean's arm and stumbled as they ran,
And stopped once, breathing hard.
Around them chimney-swallows skimmed the sheep-cropped sward
And yellow hornets hummed. The sick old man
Stirred at their steps, and muttered from deep muse:
"Well, ma; what news?"

"From Jockie—there's a letter!" In his chair
The bowed form sat bolt upright. "What's he say?"
"He's wrote to Jean. I guess it's boys their way
To think old folks don't care
For letters." "Girl, read out." Jean smoothed her wilding hair
And sat beside them. Out of the blue day
A golden robin called; across the road
A heifer lowed;

And old ears listened while youth read:
"'Friend Jean,
Vergennes: here's where we've played a Yankee trick.
I'm layin' in my bunk by Otter Crick
And scribblin' you this mean
Scrawl for to tell the news—what-all I've heerd and seen:
Jennie, we've built a ship, and built her slick—
A swan!—a seven hundred forty tonner,
And I'm first gunner.

"'You ought to seen us launch her t'other day!
Tell dad we've christened her for a fight of hisn
He fought at Saratoga. Now just listen!
She's twice as big, folks say,
As Perry's ship that spanked the king at Put-in Bay;
Yet forty days ago, hull, masts, and mizzen,
The whole of her was growin', live and limber,
In God's green timber.

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"'I helped to fell her mainmast back in March.
The woods was snowed knee-deep. She was a wonder:
A straight white pine. She fell like roarin' thunder
And left a blue-sky arch
Above her, bustin' all to kindlin's a tall larch.
Mebbe the scart jack-rabbits skun from under!
Us boys hoorayed, and me and every noodle
Yelled Yankee Doodle!

"'My, how we haw'd and gee'd the big ox-sledges
Haulin' her long trunk through the hemlock dells,
A-bellerin' to the tinkle-tankle bells,
And blunted our ax edges
Hackin' new roads of ice 'longside the rocky ledges.
We stalled her twice, but gave the oxen spells
And yanked her through at last on the home-clearin'—
Lord, wa'n't we cheerin'!

"'Since then I've seen her born, as you might say:
Born out of fire and water and men's sweatin',
Blast-furnace rairin' and red anvils frettin'
And sawmills, night and day,
Screech-owlin' like 'twas Satan's rumhouse run away
Smellin' of tar and pitch. But I'm forgettin'
The man that's primed her guns and paid her score:
The Commodore.

"'Macdonough—he's her master, and she knows
His voice, like he was talkin' to his hound.
There ain't a man of her but ruther'd drown'd
Than tread upon his toes;
And yet with his red cheeks and twinklin' eyes, a rose
Ain't friendlier than his looks be. When he's round,
He makes you feel like you're a gentleman
American.

"'But I must tell you how we're hidin' here.
This Otter Crick is like a crook-neck jug,
And we're inside. The Redcoats want to plug
The mouth, and cork our beer;
So last week Downie sailed his British lake fleet near
To fill our channel, but us boys had dug
Big shore intrenchments, and our batteries
Stung 'em like bees

"'Till they skedaddled whimperin' up the lake;
But while the shots was flyin', in the scrimmage,
I caught a ball that scotched my livin' image.
Now, Jean, for Sam Hill's sake,
Don't let-on this to mother, for, you know, she'd make
A deary-me-in' that would last a grim age.
'Tain't much, but when a feller goes to war
What's he go for

"'If 'taint to fight, and take his chances?'"
Jean
Stopped and locked down. The mother did not speak.
"Go on," said the old man. Flush tinged her cheek.
"Truly I didn't mean—
There ain't much more. He says: 'Good-by now, little queen;
We're due to sail for Plattsburgh this day week.
Meantime I'm hopin' hard and takin' stock.
Your obedient—Jock.'"

The girl's voice ceased in silence. *Glitter, glitter,*
The shy wings flashed through blossom-colored leaves,
And *Phœbe! Phœbe!* whistled from gray eaves
Through water-shine and twitter
And spurt of flamy green. But bane of thought is bitter.
The mother's heart spurned May's sweet make-believes,
For there, through falling masts and gaunt ships looming,
Guns—guns were booming.

III

Plattsburgh—and windless beauty on the bay;
Autumnal morning and the sun at seven:
Southward a wedge of wild ducks in the heaven
Dwindles, and far away
Dim mountains watch the lake, where lurking for their prey
Lie, with their muzzled thunders and pent levin,
The war-ships—Eagle, Preble, Saratoga, Ticonderoga.

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And now a little wind from the northwest
Flutters the trembling blue with snowy flecks.
A gunner, on Macdonough's silent decks,
Peers from his cannon's rest,
Staring beyond the low north headland. Crest on crest
Behind green spruce tops, soft as wild-fowls' necks,
Glide the bright spars and masts and whitened wales
Of bellying sails.

Rounding, the British lake-birds loom in view,
Ruffling their wings in silvery arrogance:
Chubb, Linnet, Finch, and lordly Confiance
Leading with Downie's crew
The line. With long booms swung to starboard they heave to,
Whistling their flock of galleys who advance
Behind, then toward the Yankees, four abreast,
Tack landward, west.

Landward the watching townsfolk strew the shore;
Mist-banks of human beings blur the bluffs
And blacken the roofs, like swarms of roosting choughs.
Waiting the cannon's roar
A nation holds its breath for knell of Nevermore
Or peal of life; this hour shall cast the sloughs
Of generations—and one old dame's joy:
Her gunner boy.

One moment on the quarter-deck Jock kneels
Beside his Commodore and fighting squad.
Their heads are bowed, their prayers go up toward God—
Toward God, to whom appeals
Still rise in pain and mangling wrath from blind ordeals
Of man, still boastful of his brother's blood.—
They stand from prayer. Swift comes and silently
The enemy.

Macdonough holds his men, alert, devout:
"He that wavereth is like a wave of the sea
Driven with the wind. Behold the ships, that be
So great, are turned about
Even with a little helm." Jock tightens the blue clout
Around his waist, and watches casually
Close by a game-cock, in a coop, who stirs
And spreads his spurs.

Now, bristling near, the British war-birds swoop
Wings, and the Yankee Eagle screams in fire;
The English Linnet answers, aiming higher,
And *crash* along Jock's poop
Her hurtling shot of iron crackles the game-cock's coop,
Where, lo! the ribald cock, like a town crier,
Strutting a gunslide, flaps to the cheering crew—
Yankee-doodle-doo!

Boys yell, and yapping laughter fills the roar:
"You bet we'll do 'em!" "You're a prophet, cocky!"
"Hooray, old rooster!" "Hip, hip, hip!" cries Jockie.
Calmly the Commodore
Touches his cannon's fuse and fires a twenty-four.
Smoke belches black. "Huzza! That's blowed 'em pocky!"
And Downie's men, like pins before the bowling,
Fall scatter-rolling.

Boom! flash the long guns, echoed by the galleys.
The Confiance, wind-baffled in the bay,
With both her port-bow anchors torn away,
Flutters, but proudly rallies
To broadside, while her gunboats range the water-alleys.
Then Downie grips Macdonough in the fray,
And double-shotted from his roaring flail
Hurls the black hail.

The hail turns red, and drips in the hot gloom.
Jock snuffs the reek and spits it from his mouth
And grapples with great winds. The winds blow south,
And scent of lilac bloom
Steals from his mother's porch in his still sleeping-room.
Lilacs! But now it stinks of blood and drouth!
He staggers up, and stares at blinding light:
"God! This is fight!"

Fight! The sharp loathing retches in his loins;
He gulps the black air, like a drowner swimming,

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Where little round suns in a dance go rimming
The dark with golden coins;
Round him and round the splintering masts and jangled quoins
Reel, rattling, and overhead he hears the hymning—
Lonely and loud—of ululating choirs
Strangling with wires.

Fight! But no more the roll of chanting drums,
The fifing flare, the flags, the magic spume
Filling his spirit with a wild perfume;
Now noisome anguish numbs
His sense, that mocks and leers at monstrous vacuums.
Whang! splits the spanker near him, and the boom
Crushes Macdonough, in a jumbled wreck,
Stunned on the deck.

No time to glance where wounded leaders lie,
Or think on fallen sparrows in the storm—
Only to fight! The prone commander's form
Stirs, rises stumblingly,
And gropes where, under shrieking grape and musketry,
Men's bodies wamble like a mangled swarm
Of bees. He bends to sight his gun again,
Bleeding, and then—

Oh, out of void and old oblivion
And reptile slime first rose Apollo's head;
And God in likeness of Himself, 'tis said,
Created such an one,
Now shaping Shakespeare's forehead, now Napoleon,
Various, by infinite invention bred,
In His own image molding beautiful
The human skull.

Jock lifts his head; Macdonough sights his gun
To fire—but in his face a ball of flesh,
A whizzing clod, has hurled him in a mesh
Of tangled rope and tun,
While still about the deck the lubber clod is spun
And, bouncing from the rail, lies in a plesh
Of oozing blood, upstaring eyeless, red—
A gunner's head.

Above the ships, enormous from the lake,
Rises a wraith—a phantom dim and gory,
Lifting her wondrous limbs of smoke and glory;
And little children quake,
And lordly nations bow their foreheads for her sake,
And bards proclaim her in their fiery story;
And in her phantom breast, heartless, unheeding,
Hearts—hearts are bleeding.

IV

Macdonough lies with Downie in one land.
Victor and vanquished long ago were peers.
Held in the grip of peace an hundred years,
England has laid her hand
In ours, and we have held—and still shall hold—the band
That makes us brothers of the hemispheres;
Yea, still shall keep the lasting brotherhood
Of law and blood.

Yet one whose terror racked us long of yore
Still wreaks upon the world her lawless might:
Out of the deeps again the phantom Fight
Looms on her wings of war,
Sowing in armèd camps and fields her venomed spore,
Embattling monarch's whim against man's right,
Trampling with iron hoofs the blooms of time
Back in the slime.

We, who from dreams of justice, dearly wrought,
First rose in the eyes of patient Washington,
And through the molten heart of Lincoln won
To liberty forgot,
Now, standing lone in peace, 'mid titans strange distraught,
Pray much for patience, more—God's will be done!—
For vision and for power nobly to see
The world made free.

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A BRAVE MAN

BY HAMILTON W. MABIE

*One of the most impressive features of the Plattsburgh Centenary, reported in The Outlook of September 23 and commented upon editorially this week, was the service commemorating the dead on both fields in Riverside Cemetery, Plattsburgh, in which both the British and the Americans who fell in the battle were interred by the citizens of the town. Sir Charles P. Davidson, Chief Justice of the Province of Quebec, paid an eloquent tribute to the American dead and emphasized the significance of the commemoration of the dead of both nations as a symbol of their present unity of feeling and purpose after a hundred years of peace. At the close of his address Sir Charles placed a great wreath on the grave of one of the American sailors. Mr. Hamilton W. Mabie made the address which follows and placed a wreath on the grave of Commodore George Downie, the young commander of the British fleet, who fell early in the battle.—*THE EDITORS.

IN this place, at this hour, we commemorate neither victory nor defeat, but brave men. Downie and Macdonough were foes, as were Wolfe and Montcalm; but they were not enemies. In the larger movement of events they stand together in a common dignity of courage, a common nobility of devotion to ends more precious than life. No man makes us more his debtor than he who deepens our respect for humanity and invests this confused life of ours, blurred by a thousand betrayals of honor, with greatness.

Of Macdonough we know much, and our knowledge bears unclouded testimony to the purity of his spirit and the ardor of his patriotism. He fought with daring skill; he won a decisive victory, and his praise is in the mouths of all men.

Of George Downie we know little. He was born in Ross, Ireland; he entered the British navy at an early age; in 1812 he was given command of the British fleet on the Lakes; he was killed in the Battle of Plattsburgh on September 11, 1814; he was buried with honor by the victors in this place, over which eternal peace broods. A school-boy may commit the record to memory in a brief quarter of an hour. If we measure battles by the number of men and ships and guns, the battle in which this man died was a little battle; but if we rank events by the greatness of human qualities they reveal and by the importance of the issues they settle, the conflict we commemorate is memorable in the story of the American people.

A half-dozen lines and we are done with George Downie so far as facts are concerned; but his whole biography was told that day when, three thousand miles from home, in a hostile country, he set his little fleet in order of battle, took his ship within three hundred yards of the American flagship, swept it with a terrific broadside, and fell dead at his post when the Saratoga returned his fire. In that moment he emerged from obscurity and passed into the light which shines about the brave man, whether he survives, as did Macdonough, to hear the applause which for the moment is sweeter than fame, or falls in the anguish of defeat and the silence of death.

The stage gets its dignity entirely from the actor. It may have the beauty of a radiant picture, it may make room for the marching and countermarching of an army; but it is empty space until the word of the actor "leaps immortal from out that painted pageantry and lures us to its own inaccessible home." It may be small or meanly appointed; but when Irving or Salvini or Duse breaks its silence it becomes vast as the world, and the tragedy it displays is the tragedy of humanity. A sudden flash of the soul and the darkest night is full of stars; a swift flash of the sword and the man against the wall, hopelessly beset by crowding foes, is the hero of the struggle. They live and are forgotten; he dies and his star shines when a hundred years have passed.

George Downie, commander of a little fleet a hundred years ago to-day, came of a brave race and was the soldier of a great nation; on that day he nobly interpreted his race and nation; through him, as through a window suddenly flung open, the spirit of his race and nation shone out in the darkness of

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defeat. His ship was shattered under his feet and he fell upon its sinking deck, and we are here a hundred years later to remember and honor him.

So from the perishing of that which is mortal that which is immortal escapes into freedom and life. When we commemorate a man, we show him in some significant attitude, and the solid figure escapes the limitations of mortality and lives in action or achievement. So stands the figure of the great admiral in the square in Venice; so rides the great commander on his march to the sea at the entrance to the park in New York; so moves the young soldier among his Negro troops on the monument on Boston Common, riding serenely to death and fame. The statue must give us the soul of the man or it is mere bronze or marble.

One of the most significant facts about the early history of this continent, so vividly recalled by the celebration of this week and by the picturesque reopening of the book of the past, illuminated like an old missal in the successive pictures of the pageant, is the disparity between the apparent size of things and their real magnitude, between the paucity of the tools and the greatness of the men who used them. In an age of wonderful perfection of tools and instruments, when the measurements of eye must be constantly corrected by the vision of the spirit, we English-speaking men and women are tempted to forget that the source of power is never in the instrument, always the man. We are this week commemorating small things handled with faith and courage. We are back at the head-waters of our history, where the streams that feed the wide, swift currents of to-day had their rise in the mountains and in the forests; an age in which faint trails predicted broad highways and little hamlets great cities; an age of immense potentialities and splendid prophecy, the fulfillment of which our ancestors could not see. They worked with the courage of conviction, and the harvest of their struggles is ours; let us beware lest we betray them by the fading vision, the declining energy of soul, the passing of faith in man, the coming of faith in things. Machines and instruments are of immense importance, but power is always in men. The great things have been done by daring spirits with inadequate tools. Nelson was always begging for ships and Wellington for troops, but both sleep under the dome of St. Paul's, the mausoleum sacred to the heroic and victorious dead of England. Emerson said long ago that the English are never so great as when they are facing great perils; and to-day that judgment is magnificently confirmed. Washington was never so wholly the leader as in that winter when intrigue assailed him in the Continental Congress and famine beleaguered him at Valley Forge. Safety lies finally in the indomitable spirit, and national greatness has its seat neither in wealth nor in arms, but in men. This vital truth was never clearer than at this hour in this place. In a minute it is possible to condense the substance of a biography; in a swift deed it is possible to read the story of a life.

On a hill at Port Arthur swept by the fury of war nine years ago the Japanese have built a memorial to the Russian soldiers who fought them over every inch of ground and died in heroic struggle; a chivalrous recognition of a gallant foe.

To-day we honor him whose hand was against us in a struggle from the memory of which all bitterness vanished long ago; who was our foe, but not our enemy; who spoke our common language, to whom the words we teach those who are to lead our armies were dear: Duty, Honor, Country.

In those shining words his biography is written. The wreath we lay upon his grave means nothing to him, but it is our way of saying to the world that we understand and reverence his lofty spirit, his splendid courage.

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THE READER'S VIEW

GOOD MANNERS AND INTERNATIONAL RELATIONS

In The Outlook of August 22 last we published an article by an American citizen of German parentage, a graduate of Harvard University, in which he attempted to interpret some of the incidental and contributory feelings of the Germans which have led them into their present conflict with almost the whole of the rest of the civilized world. In the course of that article appeared the following passage:

There are, of course, potent though superficial reasons for this general dislike of the German. The average German, whom the foreigner sees, is aggressive, self-assertive, loud in his manner and talk, inconsiderate, petty, pompous, dictatorial, without humor; in a word, bumptious. He has, in many cases, exceedingly bad table manners, and an almost gross enjoyment of his food; and he talks about his ailments and his underwear. His attitude toward women, moreover, is likely to be over-gallant if he knows them a little and not too well, and discourteous or even insolent if he is married to them or does not know them at all. He is at his worst at the time when he is most on exhibition, when he is on his travels or helping other people to travel, as ticket-chopper or customs official. The average European, other than German, coming in contact, sometimes rather violently, with the German I have described, jumps to the conclusion that the bumptiousness and the occasional coarseness are the whole man, when they are actually only the veneer. Your scoffer, be he French, English, Italian, or American, does not, as a rule, have time to discover the calm-headedness behind the quick-tempered exterior, the incorruptible integrity, the loyalty to family, to a cause, or to an ideal, the tender-heartedness, the fine sentiment, the artistic sensibility. The foreigner sees the bad manners, and declares that the German is a boor and not to be reckoned among gentlemen.

The German has felt, not the contempt perhaps, but the suspiciousness, engendered by the misunderstanding. He has felt quite rightly that he has no friends beyond his borders. He has secured his place in the sun for himself, he has traded with the ends of the earth; but he has made no friends. He does not understand why this should be so; he himself is unconscious of the superficial faults which seem to be so annoying to others. He certainly does not realize that foreigners raise their eyebrows at the way he devours his meals. All that he knows is that he has no friends over the border, that his every move is watched with envy and mistrust, and that there is no one to take his part. The German has ever been honest and industrious, seeking to make his way by peaceful means; and he has been galled beyond endurance by an opposition which he did not guess was based largely on a flippant contempt for his table manners.

This passage has brought down upon us an avalanche of correspondence. Some of the correspondents do not appear to realize that the author was endeavoring to get, not at the great fundamental motives of German militarism, but at some of those slight and subtle psychological causes which even scientific sociologists and historians cannot afford to ignore. From the great mass of letters called out by the foregoing criticism we print three, one in defense of German manners, one in utter condemnation of them, and one which points out how futile it is for anybody to get into a passion because his social customs or habits are attacked. We do not suppose that these letters will settle the question, but, at any rate, they throw some light upon a controversy which has raged in every epoch of history from the time of Esau to the time of Jefferson Brick.—THE EDITORS.

I—GERMAN COURTESY

The letter from your anonymous, but evidently lovable, German correspondent was an interesting human document. But I believe he was wrong in his impression of our personal antipathy to Germans.

Vulgarity, alas! is world wide. We have plenty of it on our own shores. There are also vulgar Germans, just as there are vulgar French and English. And the extraordinary prosperity of the German Empire has of late years flooded the highways of Europe with a great many Germans who have not got used to their money.

But, besides these, how many charming Germans one meets at home and abroad! May I mention a few examples? Some ten years ago I spent the winter at Taormina, and there I met a coterie of German gentlemen—journalists, officers, Government officials—whose company was a pleasure and a privilege. One was cousin to the King of Wurtemberg, who, I believe, is now in command of an army in Alsace. I trust that none of them have been mowed down on the French frontier.

Some fifteen years ago, on the way from Greece to Cairo, I ran across a German professor—a fine figure of a man, with bushy brown beard and merry blue eyes that gleamed through his gold-rimmed spectacles. A splendid companion he was, sturdy of mind, free from all prejudice, unflinching in his logic, and with a relish for a joke which even surpassed his appreciation of a fine book or a good cigar. With him I spent three delightful days. I have never seen or heard of him since. I hope he was too old to go on the firing line.

Another picture lingers pleasantly in my memory. On the portico of the Schweitzer-Hof at Lucerne, one summer evening after dinner my wife and I were drinking our coffee and listening to the music. Toward the two empty chairs at our table came an old lady and gentleman, both Germans, the wife in black silk with a black lace mantilla over her silvery hair; the husband with heavy brows over kindly gray eyes, with delicate but strong features, and with a square-cut beard snow white. Under his white lawn cravat gleamed a decoration. They moved slowly, for they were very old. The gentleman stepped forward and accosted me. "Pardon me, sir, are these seats engaged?" I rose and placed the chair for the lady. The gentleman made me a fine, soldierly bow. A

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little feeble it was, a little stiff in the shoulders; but seigneurial is a mild word to describe its dignity.

The ladies smiled. We sat down. After a moment the German lady shivered and glanced at her husband. He rose. "Excuse me, sir," said he, "it is a little cold." I rose in turn. Then came the bow once more, and I could do no less than return it. He soon came back with a white shawl, which he adjusted with infinite tenderness about the shoulders of the lady. I rose once more. Again the interchange of bows. Again we took our seats and listened to the music. When we finally rose, we exchanged the same salutes as before. I have never seen that couple since, nor did I speak more than five words with them. Yet I conceived for both a feeling of respect and great good will. I can only hope that neither of them is now alive, to suffer a heartrending anxiety for their fatherland, or to feel bereavement for any dear ones crushed in the wine-press of the war.

Such impressions as these, ordinary enough—I suppose thousands of Americans must have many scores of them—force me to disagree with the belief of your correspondent that Americans are prone to depreciate the Germans. In New England, on the contrary, every college man must realize his debt to the German universities; every lover of the arts and sciences to how much German achievement, to how many venerable German names! Indeed, in New England we have been brought up in a pervading atmosphere of admiration for German culture. It is for these reasons that we have, like Mr. John Long, asserted our friendship for the German people. But the army, the *Welt-Politik*, the Kaiser's notions as to the divine right of German electors, kings, and emperors—all that is quite another story. It is on these grounds that some of us cannot wholly sympathize with our German friends, however much we may like them personally.

HENRY HARMON CHAMBERLIN.

Nantucket, Massachusetts.

II—GERMAN BOORISHNESS

In a recent issue of The Outlook a German-American, in attempting to explain the reasons for the "general dislike of the German," says that "the average German, whom the foreigner sees, is aggressive, self-assertive, loud in his manner and talk, inconsiderate, petty, pompous, dictatorial, without humor; in a word, bumptious." He insists, however, that the bumptiousness and egregious bad manners and coarseness are not the whole man, but only the veneer.

I quite agree with the writer that the average German is all that he thus paints him, but I do not agree with him in thinking that these qualities are a mere veneer. Such exhibitions of rude aggressiveness seem to me to be the outward expression of the real character. Inevitably, those characteristics create hostility and bitterness, and explain the universal dislike in which Germans are held by the people of other nations.

A few personal experiences which I had while traveling in Germany may be pertinent.

A picnic excursion was suggested by one of my German friends, involving the transportation of two or three baskets containing our lunch. Coming fresh from an American college town, where young men are accustomed to vie with each other in showing courtesies to their girl friends, my surprise may be imagined when it soon became evident that the young German officers, the only men of the party, felt their dignity insulted when one of the American girls suggested, and indeed fully expected, that the men carry the baskets. Not only did the officers refuse with insolent scorn to do so menial a service, which seemed to them an insult to their military standing, but their sisters violently espoused their cause and shouldered the load cheerfully, trudging all day as beasts of burden, thereby saving that precious thing, the officers' unblemished dignity and inalienable right to trample upon the usual courtesies that women expect from gentlemen all over the world. It is needless to say that the excursion was not a success. The American and German girls could not come to any common ground on what seemed to the former so fundamental a breach of etiquette.

The bitter hostility felt by the Germans toward the French especially shows itself sometimes in ways that seem too petty to be believed. On one occasion I was present at a dinner in Berlin given by a prominent resident. (By the way, in order to show the viciousness of his intense anti-French sentiment, the host had had the menus, which are ordinarily printed in French, translated into ponderous German, which made one wonder what new order of indigestible viands were presently to appear.) Opposite me at the table was a German lady, the wife of an officer, who had been ordered by her dictatorial husband on no account nor for any purpose to use the French language, which she spoke fluently. Unfortunately, a Hungarian who was ignorant of German but who spoke French sat next to her. Not daring to disobey the mandate of her husband, she was not able to show the courtesy that is due a stranger in a strange land, and during the entire dinner they sat side by side silent and dumb as oysters.

On still another occasion our party of four women suffered from a group of German officers such insolent public humiliation as to make it necessary to complain to the proprietor of the hotel and demand the expulsion of the offenders or else instant cessation of such conduct. It was also a common experience to be pushed off the sidewalk in the narrow streets when one

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had the misfortune to meet his majesty the German officer; and, comparing him to the officer of any other nation, I can bear witness that he is, without doubt, most lacking in the ordinary give and take of the courtesies that should be the sign manual of a gentleman, irrespective of nationality.

MARGARET M. HARLAN.

Washington, D. C.

III—AMERICANS AT FAULT

I have read with interest the article by the German-American on the prejudices existing against the Germans. I have no doubt that the Germans feel keenly on this point, but they are much mistaken in thinking they have a monopoly of suffering, for race prejudice is everywhere. I pass my life among ordinary Americans, and am often shocked and disgusted to hear the feelings and opinions of other human beings dismissed as trash because they are "Greasers" or "Gees," "Japs," "Chinks," "Square Heads," "Dutch," "Dagos," or "honion-heatin' Henglish." On the other hand, though I have never left my native land, I am quite aware that we are not the only sinners. Our immigrants do not leave their prejudices at home. A very dear German friend explained to me the American lack of sincerity; an English lady who was calling on me in a friendly manner told me that there was neither honesty nor honor in America and that a dollar would divide mother and daughter; while a young Greek confided to me his very low opinion of the American girl—"Anybody got candy or flowers is her friend." So I think that, if racial bad manners are any ground for war, the present situation in Europe is mild to what we are entitled to. OLIVIA BEDINGER.

Bakersfield, California.

THE GREEKS AND THE TURKS

In The Outlook of August 1, which came to my notice only recently, Rustem Bey, Turkish Ambassador to the United States, had an article entitled "The Crisis Between Greece and Turkey," which purported to give the true reasons for the friction between the two nations. I read and re-read his article, and the sorrow which is mine whenever a new crisis arises between these two nations returned to me. Alas! the true reasons for the never-ending disputes were not the ones Rustem Bey gave, although they may easily be discovered in every paragraph of his article. The spirit of hatred and animosity in which he writes against the Greeks has ever been the attitude of the conquering Turks toward their subject races. Rustem Bey uses the typical language of the Turkish official, and by his language one can see just how the Turk feels toward his Christian subjects.

It is now upward of five hundred years since the tremendous Asiatic hordes, after long and repeated sieges, at last conquered the Greek Empire, and during these five hundred years the Greeks have never been treated as equal citizens of the country that was formerly their own. Throughout Rustem Bey's article are to be found such expressions as "the subject Greeks toward their conquerors," and "the Greeks, for their very accommodating masters." The attitude suggested by such sentences is at the bottom of all the trouble between the two nations. The Turks, ever since 1453, have maintained the same arrogant attitude toward the Greeks that the Germans maintained toward the inhabitants of Alsace and Lorraine, with the same result of merely intensifying their bitter patriotism. Had the Turks made the Greeks feel themselves Turkish subjects who enjoyed the same rights and privileges as the Turks, had they been made to feel that they were something better than dirt under the Mohammedans' feet, Turkey to-day would not be composed of so many elements which hate the Government; Turkey might now be a vigorous and flourishing empire instead of one that is heterogeneous and tottering.

Every thinking person can deduce from Rustem Bey's article that, if he permits himself to display such ill feeling before the eyes of the American people, how heavy must be the Turkish hand, armed with the master's whip, when it falls upon his Christian subjects, far from the observation of the Christian world.

Rustem Bey, to strengthen his argument, refers to my last book, "A Child of the Orient." He does not quote from it, but asserts that I "complacently quote many instances of the fanatical or puerile hatred of the Greeks for the very accommodating masters the Turks have been to them." I do not believe that any intelligent person reading "A Child of the Orient" would agree with Rustem Bey that I mention any instances of misunderstanding between Greeks and Turks in a spirit of complacency. Indeed, I mention them with sorrow at the mutual misunderstanding which prevents two races, each possessing admirable, if different, qualities from appreciating and profiting by each other's good qualities.

Since Rustem Bey has used my work to attack my own nation, may I explain why both in "Haremlik" and in "A Child of the Orient" I have resolutely disregarded the bad side of the Turk, and dwelt only on his admirable side? I had a definite purpose: I believe that the only way to bring about universal peace among the differing nations of the world is by promoting a feeling of genuine brotherliness among them. If from childhood we were taught to consider the good points of other peoples, we should grow up without the terrible handicap of ingrained and inherited hatred against races other than our own. To the world at large the Turk is "unspeakable." I was in a

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position very few Christians were in to know the gentler side of the Turks. If what my readers tell me is true, it was a revelation to the majority of Americans that the Turks *had* a side to admire—even to love. If I have been able to bring before the reading world a true picture of all that is best in the Turks, then I have succeeded in my mission. But, considering what I have tried to do for his nation, it is hard for Rustem Bey to attack mine by misrepresenting the spirit of my books.

Rustem Bey's article tends only to do harm, by stirring up afresh the hatred that exists between the two nations. It has failed to tell the truth to the Americans, since no person actuated by hatred can give a just picture of racial differences. DEMETRA VAKA.

[The writer of this letter is a Greek by birth, but an American by marriage and residence. She is the author of two very unusual books, recently published, which contain delightful and illuminating pen pictures of Greek and Turkish life. In "A Child of the Orient" Demetra Vaka portrays her childhood in Constantinople and its environs. One of the sketches of this book, our readers will remember, was published in The Outlook of Febuary 21 last, under the title of "Ali Baba, My Caique-Tchi." The other volume, "Haremlik," describes the life of the Turkish wife and mother in the harem. The book is as absorbing as a novel—indeed, it is a group of little novels woven together into one book. Those Americans who believe that polygamy is wholly sordid and deadening will get an astonishingly new view of the Turkish woman, who regards polygamous marriage as a divine ordinance. Demetra Vaka, it is true, as she herself says in this letter, writes partly, though not chiefly, for the purpose of promoting a better international understanding between the Far Occident and the Near Orient. But this underlying purpose does not destroy her pronounced gifts as a first-class story-teller, and her two books ought to be read widely as stories of absorbing human interest if for no other reason.—THE EDITORS.]

AUTOMOBILES AND SAFETY FIRST

Permit me to thank you heartily for the editorial in The Outlook of August 29 giving the five "Safety First" suggestions to automobile drivers furnished by the National Council for Industrial Safety. My own practice as an automobile driver exactly corresponds with the directions given.

I cannot but wish that you could reach all the people outside of automobiles with equally wise regulations for their conduct on public thoroughfares. If your space will allow, I beg to submit the following incidents in my own recent driving:

1. Turning off from Main Street in our city, I sounded my horn and drove slowly to pass between two men who had met and passed each other on the crosswalk of the street into which I was going. Suddenly one of the men turned to overtake the man he had just met, and sprang in front of my car about a yard from the engine. My loud yell and his quick tango just saved a bad accident.

2. A few days later, turning off Main Street again, two women, concealed from my view by a truck, stepped briskly upon the crosswalk, talking fast and walking fast, but not looking either way. I sounded my horn and widened my circuit to pass in front of them, but they were walking as fast as my machine was running. I shouted, "Take care there!" but they did not even then deign to look, but walked directly in front of my car. To avoid them I steered for the curb, surmounted it, and ran down the sidewalk in front of them.

3. Passing through a residence street in the evening, with my lamps burning, I saw children in the middle of the street. I ran very slowly, and at the sound of my horn they scattered, leaving a three-year-old boy directly in my path, who stood still and threw up his hands, charmed by the bright lights on my machine. I shouted and rounded the baby safely, while a piercing scream came from his mother, who dashed to his rescue just as I had safely passed.

4. One day I drove out to my birthplace, situated on the State road midway between Auburn and Syracuse. The farm-house stands in a valley between two steep hills. To climb either hill without changing gear an automobile must pass the house rapidly. In mid-forenoon or afternoon automobiles pass at average intervals of one or two minutes. I stopped in front of the house for a moment's chat with the tenant-farmer's wife. She said, "We had a rather serious accident here this morning. My three-year-old baby was playing near the engine of the threshing-machine standing there by the roadside. He ran out from behind the engine just as an automobile came down the hill, and, to avoid hitting him, the driver collided with the engine, injuring himself quite badly." And while the farmer's wife was speaking the baby was again *playing around the engine* as though nothing had happened!

Agreeing with your statement that many unoffending people are killed by reckless driving, I at the same time believe that some *offending* people are killed in spite of the most careful driving. CRANDALL J. NORTH.

Auburn, New York.

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BY THE WAY

Only 28,114 immigrants arrived in New York during August this year, as compared with 104,727 for the same month last year. The first five days of September established a low record in the number of immigrants that passed through Ellis Island.

Francis Grierson, the English musician and author, writes of the French composer Auber in the "Century" for October that "if I were asked to name the most typical Frenchman I ever met, I should not hesitate to name Auber." The composer at the time spoken of was eighty-five, and among his idiosyncrasies was his preference for servants of equally advanced years. He had five domestics, "the youngest, whom he called the baby, being the coachman, who was seventy-five."

Two snake-infested countries, India and Brazil, maintain "snake farms" at which a scientific study of serpents is being pursued. The venom from the poisonous ones is extracted and made into a serum for curing persons who have been bitten. The Brazilian institution, situated near Sao Paulo, is maintained at an expense of $40,000 a year. Besides preparing serums, the "snake farm" tries to spread knowledge about snakes and induce farmers not to kill them indiscriminately.

The change from the old-fashioned "chemist's shop," with its suggestion of alchemy and the Middle Ages, to the modern "drug store," with its suggestion of the department store where everything is sold, is neatly hit off by "Life:" "First Metropolitan Drug-Store Proprietor: 'I see there is going to be a great scarcity of drugs.' Second Ditto: 'Fortunately that doesn't affect us, as we stopped carrying them long ago.'"

What is described as one of the finest high schools in America has just been opened in New York City for Roman Catholic students. It has cost $500,000 and will care for 1,500 pupils who will come to it from the parochial schools of the city. The school has been built through the activities of the Jesuit Fathers.

Within the last two months, "Rider and Driver" estimates, the apparent wealth of the country has been increased about $1,000,000,000 through the advance in the value of horses and mules. Horses increased in value about $40 a head, and mules rose relatively to even a higher level.

Always the alert housekeeper is discovering something new. In these days she prints it for the benefit of her sisters. A contributor to "To-Day's" says that a milk or cream pitcher can be prevented from dripping at its "lip" after pouring, thus avoiding the soiling of a tablecloth, by the simple device of rubbing a bit of butter across the inside of the pitcher's lip. Another says that roses and orange blossoms will retain their fragrance and freshness a long time if the flower's stem is inserted in a hole bored in a very small potato. A third declares that the smell of medicine can be easily removed from a glass or spoon by wiping the article with dry paper before thoroughly washing it with hot water.

In The Outlook of September 16 we commented upon the fact that Mr. Isaac Fisher, of Vicksburg, Mississippi, had won the first prize of $500 offered by "Everybody's Magazine" for the best article on the liquor evil. A correspondent informs us that Mr. Fisher is a young colored man who worked his way through Tuskegee Institute, of which Dr. Booker T. Washington is the principal, graduating at the head of his class. Mr. Fisher is now the editor of the "Negro Farmer" published at Tuskegee.

New York City's subway carried a daily average of 1,001,215 passengers during the last fiscal year—an increase of more than 38,000 over the average of the previous year. The busiest station was Atlantic Avenue, Brooklyn, where 22,557,773 passengers boarded the trains during the year.

Oliver Morosco, a successful young Western producer of plays, says in the "Dramatic Mirror" concerning one of his most successful productions, "Peg o' My Heart," that "any actress with mentality and youth can play 'Peg o' My Heart.' That has been proved with six 'Pegs.'" Mr. Morosco, it is stated, has six authors in the West who are now at work on dramatic material that he has given them. It is gratifying to learn that he doesn't like the "coarser things like rough-and-tumble farce. The production of real comedies is what I like best."

The extraordinary popularity of the Diesel engine is evidenced by the fact that, according to "Shipping Illustrated," there are now at least eight entirely different types of these engines used in various parts of the world. The result, according to the same authority, will probably be the elimination of several of these and the production of a marine oil engine that will be in every way satisfactory.

In the paragraph in The Outlook of September 16 on the Yale School of Religion, on page 118, a typographical error caused the Yale School of Religion and Christian *Service* to be called "the Yale School of Religion and Christian Science." It is unfortunate that a special connotation of the term in this connection has robbed the word "science" of its ordinary signification; a school devoted to real Christian *science* might well be associated with religion. Proof-readers and copy-holders of other publications please take notice and be warned lest they fall into similar errors.

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